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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

PREACHING IN SCOTLAND.

[Extract of a Letter from James Buckman to the Editor of the Vermont Chronicle.]

Style of Preaching—Intelligence of the People.

Sir,—The preaching of English ministers of all denominations, is, in general, less intellectual than that which is common in Scotland. In that country, some of the clergymen are methodical and exact to an extreme, in the composition and delivery of their sermons. Their discourses resemble lectures prepared for a body of learned men, rather than addresses calculated to instruct and edify a mixed audience: they are, consequently, dry and impressive. Almost all the ministers in Scotland that preach without notes, deliver their discourses from memory; and hence, as a matter of course, their mode of preparing for the duties of the Sabbath, is of the most laborious and exhausting kind. The intelligence of the great body of the Scotch people, and their extensive information on theological subjects, make them careful to secure, and able to appreciate, a learned and an orthodox ministry. 'Whoever has resided for any length of time in the Lowlands of Scotland, must have been struck with the vast superiority of the middle and lower classes of that part of Britain, in respect to general information, to those in a similar condition of life in England. This fact presents itself as one of the most striking features of the Scottish character; and the reaction of this state of things is powerfully witnessed in the solid, and masculine, and intelligent tone which is given to the productions of the pulpit, and to vital religion in general, wherever it exists. The gospel has here to work upon a well informed and thinking population, and a corresponding aspect evidently pervades the community of decided believers in that enlightened country.'

As I have touched on this point, I cannot refrain from mentioning what I conceive to be some of the causes of that superiority by which the inhabitants of Scotland, as a body, are confessedly distinguished from their southern neighbors. How much influence the climate may have in producing a race of men who are characterized by great vigor of body and of mind, and how far the comparative barrenness and poverty of the country may have a tendency to secure the cultivation and development of the native energies of the people, I shall not pretend to determine. Perhaps these things have some effect in modifying the character and habits of the North Britons. There are other causes, however, to which their intellectual, and particularly their moral and religious superiority, is more obviously to be attributed.

Religious Instruction in Schools and Families.

The common schools of Scotland have a powerful influence in moulding the character of the people. In the southern parts of the country, with which I am more particularly acquainted, a good education is placed within the reach of the whole of the rising generation, and there is not a child that does not acquire some knowledge of the ordinary branches of learning. The course of education in the common schools of Scotland is not very extensive, but the instruction given in the different branches which compose that course, is thorough; and by means of it, a foundation is laid on which may be erected a superstructure of almost any dimensions. Biblical instruction forms a part of the exercises of every school. The Bible, so far as I know, is always one of the Class-Books; and the Assembly's Catechism is regularly repeated by every scholar that is old enough to commit it to memory. Other compendiums of Christian doctrine and duty, in the shape of Catechisms, suited to the different capacities and attainments of the pupils, are used in most of the schools. At the Seminary which I attended, we were required, every Monday, to repeat the texts of the sermons which we had heard the preceding day; and if any of us had not attended a place of worship, it was expected that we should give a satisfactory reason why we had not done so. Even in the Classical Schools of Scotland, one day in the week is usually devoted to the reading of books on religious subjects:—so far, at least, as my knowledge enables me to speak on this point, such a practice is common. 'Sacred Dialogues,' and 'Buchanan's Psalms,' (Latin,) are books which form part of the reading of the different classes that pass through the Grammar-schools of Scotland. It is unnecessary to say, that all this is well calculated to exert, upon the youthful mind, an influence which is favorable to religion and morality.

Instruction on religious subjects is given, at stated times, by most of the heads of families, to all the members of their respective households. The evening of the Sabbath is usually employed in reading the Scriptures, and in attending to catechetical, and other religious exercises. The Assembly's Catechism is made a text-book in every family, as well as in every school. Family worship is so common in Scotland, that it is attended to, in many instances, even by those who are not considered as pious persons. Drs. Reed and Matheson, in their account of the American churches, mention the case of a person who was in the habit of using profane language, but who, notwithstanding this practice, deemed it proper and necessary to set up family prayer, as soon as he commenced housekeeping. I have known various instances of this kind in Scotland. The picture of Scottish life which is drawn by Burns in his 'Cotter's Saturday night,' is not a fancy piece, but a faithful representation of the principles and habits of the great body of the people. It is true, they have, like the descendants of the Puritan Fathers of New England, become less noted for the strictness of their morality and religion, than they were in former times; and it must also be admitted, that there is among them much of 'the form of godliness,' where the 'power' of it is not felt: but, at the same time, it is true, that there is, in that part of Britain of which I am speaking, a great amount of real, intelligent, active piety.

Expository Preaching.

Expository preaching is common among all the different denominations in Scotland; and this, I doubt not, contributes largely to the intelligence of the people on religious subjects. I believe there are ministers in Scotland who have, in their public discourses, expounded to their congregations, the whole of the sacred Scriptures. It is interesting to see every person, young and old, come to meeting with his Bible, and follow the minister, as he proceeds from verse to verse, and refers to the different passages, by means of which he illustrates and confirms the various positions advanced in his discourse. In the south of Scotland, and, for any thing I know to the contrary, in other parts of the country also, it is so common for people to carry their Bibles with them to the house of God, or to keep a sufficient number for the use of their families in their pews, that any person who might not have one, would appear singular; and it would be deemed a piece of politeness, to hand him one to use during the time of the meeting. Some of the English Congregational ministers have tried the plan of expounding the Scriptures to their people, after the manner of the Scotch preachers; but in only a very few instances have they long persevered in this plan.

The Scotch ministers regularly examine their people on theological subjects. Once, at least, and more commonly twice in the year, every minister goes around the whole of what would be called his 'parish,' and catechises all his hearers, young and old, male and female. On the Sabbath day, he appoints, from the pulpit, the time and place for 'examinations' during the week; and it is expected, that, at the appointed hour, all his hearers who reside in the neighborhood, shall assemble in the house which has been fixed upon for his meeting. The minister has a list of his people in the vicinity, which he calls over, each one answering to his name as called. The names of those who may be absent, are marked, and inquiries are made of such as are present, whether the reason of their absence is known. The Assembly's Catechism is always made the text-book on such occasions; and the man, or woman, or child, that could not answer the questions contained in that manual, would be sure to be noticed as peculiarly ignorant by all who were present.

Such, I think, are some of the most important of the means, which, under God, have rendered the people of Scotland so distinguished among the rest of the nations of the earth, for their knowledge, their morality, and their religion. So far as these means have fallen into disuse in any part of the country, the people have become as ignorant and vicious as others; but so far as they have been vigorously employed, they have been instrumental in maintaining that high standard of sobriety and intelligence, for which the Scotch have been so noted. Some of these means could not, in the present state of things, be employed in England. In consequence of the great diversity of sentiment which prevails in that country, and the tenacity with which the several denominations are disposed to hold their peculiar views, no such course of religious instruction as in common in the schools of Scotland, could be connected with a general system of education in England; nor do I suppose that the English could be easily induced to submit to those public 'examinations,' to which the Scotch are accustomed, and to which, indeed, they are strongly attached. The other means which I have mentioned, however, might be brought into operation in England, and in this country also, by ministers and by the members of their respective churches, as easily and as effectually as in Scotland.

MORAL INSANITY.

Some thirty years ago a young lady, the only daughter of a noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it; to their affection she was cold, to their caresses rude; and though society failed to enliven her she bore her part in it with a power and venom of sarcasm that were as strange to her former character as they were unbecoming her sex and youth. The parents contrived during her temporary absence from home, to investigate the contents of her writing desk, but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed. They next heard that the house in which she was visiting had been burnt to the ground; that she had been saved with great difficulty, though her room was not in that part of the building where the fire had commenced; that her escape had at first been taken for granted, and that when her door was burst open she was found still dressed and seated in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She returned home neither altered in manner nor changed in demeanor, and as painfully brilliant in conversation when forced into it. Within two months of her return the house was burnt to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames; she was again found in the same state as on the former occasion? suffered herself to be led away without eagerness or resistance; did not alter her deportment upon hearing the fate of her mother, made no attempt to console her father, and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demoniacal. The father and daughter removed to a spa for change of scene. On the night of their arrival the hotel was in flames; but this time the fire began in her apartment, for from her window were the sparks first seen to issue, and again was she found, dressed, seated, and in a reverie. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little state in which the spa was situated. An investigation took place; she was arrested, and at once confessed that on each of the three occasions she had been the culprit; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistible longing to set houses on fire. Each time she had striven against it as long as she could, but was unable to withstand the temptation; that this longing first supervened a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirits; that she felt a hatred to all the world, but had strength to refrain from oaths and curses against it. She is at this moment in a mad-house, where she was at first allowed some liberty, but after an exhibition of homicidal monomania towards a child, of a ferocity most appalling, it was found necessary to apply the severest restraint. She still possesses her memory, her reasoning powers, her petulant wit, and observes the most scrupulous delicacy.—*Monthly Law Magazine.*

PARENTAL DECISION.

[From an Address to Mothers, prefixed to the volume entitled, 'Truth Made Simple,' by the Rev. John Todd.]

It is not difficult to be decided, were this all: but to be decided and firm while the feelings and the voice are as soft as the notes of the lute, is difficult. Your child has no judgment. Hundreds of times every week, and many times every day, he must be denied, and have his wishes and his will submit to yours. When he is well, you must, of necessity, be constantly thwarting his inclinations, forbidding him, or commanding him; and when he is sick, you must force him, and stand further than ever aloof from indulgence. Even when you feel that he is on the bed of death, you must control him, govern him, command him, and see that he obeys! Your own decision, energy, and firmness, must never wave for a moment in his presence. While a mother's heart pleads for indulgence, you must have a resolution which will plead you to do your duty, even while the heart bleeds, and the eyes weep. That noble mother—who held her child while its leg was amputated, and did it with a firmness that he dared not resist, and with a tenderness that made him feel that she did it for his good—who does not admire?—These two qualities, decision and mildness, are seldom found in man. He is either too stern, or too lenient. But the mother! she can possess them both, and have them both in exercise at the same moment. But she must have the aid of heaven. She must seek it in prayer, at the foot of the throne, and there she *will* find it.

I could point you to a son who cherishes the memory of his mother as something inexpressibly dear and sacred. She was a widow, and he, her only son. When a young man, he said something or did something in the presence of his sister and a cousin, both young ladies, highly improper. His mother told him of his fault mildly and kindly, and requested him to make an apology to the girls. This he declined. She insisted upon it, and even laid her commands. He refused. She requested him to go with her into his chamber in the third story. He complied. She then very coolly took the key and told him she should lock the door, and he would neither see her face, nor receive food, till he submitted. The next day she called at the door of the prisoner, 'My son, are you ready to comply with my request?' 'No, mother.' The second day, the same question was asked, and the same answer received. The third day, she went to the door, and says, 'James, you think by holding out thus, your mother will yield, and come to your terms: but you do not know her. I am in the path of duty, and I shall not yield till the timbers of this house decay and fall, should I live so long!' That evening he would have sent a message to his mother, but he had no messenger. On the fourth day, he promised to do whatever she required. She opened the door, and her pale, sickly-looking boy embraced her with tears, asked her pardon, and submitted to her requisition. He has since been seen to shed tears of gratitude over that decision and faithfulness, and to assert with the utmost confidence, that it was this firmness in his widowed mother that saved him from irrevocable ruin.

[From the Common School Journal.

THE ADVANTAGES OF COMMON SCHOOLS, AND THE DANGERS TO WHICH THEY ARE EXPOSED.

Addressed to the Professional men of Massachusetts.

Gentlemen,—Having shown, I hope to your satisfaction, that private schools and academies as they now exist in the Commonwealth, tend to degrade our town schools and impair their usefulness, I will now, as was proposed, advert to the reasons that are commonly given, for taking children from the district school, and placing them in those above-mentioned, and you will allow me to bring this subject directly home to yourselves. It is a fact, too notorious to need any proof, that professional men, more than any other entire class of our citizens, take their children from Common Schools and send them to private schools. Consequently, the observations which I propose to make, will apply to you with particular force.

Why do you take your children from the district school, and put them to the private school? I shall take no notice of the insinuation that is sometimes made, that it arises from pride, and that this course is pursued for the purpose of building up an aristocracy in society. As such motives are unworthy, charity and even justice forbids their imputation upon you. I trust that your motives are good, though I am satisfied that you take a narrow view of the subject. You contend, that town schools are corrupting in their influence; that some of the scholars are addicted to profanity and obscenity, or, are rude and vulgar in their manners; and that you take your children from them lest their manners and morals should be corrupted. This is the plea which I have heard some of your number make. Now let us examine this plea in all its parts. We readily allow that there are improprieties among children in town schools, and the same is true, in some digree at least, in select schools; consequently by taking your children from the district school, you do not entirely deliver them from evil. Suppose the town schools are as corrupt as is represented—what is your daty under these circumstances? to abandon them altogether, and let them sink deeper and deeper in corruption? No; it is your duty, as public men, to reform them. The great mass of the people are, and forever must be, dependent upon these little seminaries; and if their character is bad, you are bound to lend your influence to reform them, to elevate and purify their character. All reforms ought to be commenced, and carried forward by the intelligent part of the community; and you, Gentlemen,—you, who have intelligence and standing, and character,—are false to your trust, if you suffer five-sixths of the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and to fall into vice, without attempting their rescue.

You will admit, that you are under obligation to attempt to improve the schools; but you will ask, how this shall be done? The very first step is to put your children into these schools. If your children are more intelligent and virtuous than the rest of the scholars, they will exert a salutary influence upon the whole school, and so counteract the immoral influence of the less-favored classes. If your children are placed in the town schools, you will have a greater motive to attempt their improvement. To reform the community, you must come down to a level with them, and thereby show that you have an interest in their welfare. If you stand aloof from the community, and rebuke their wanderings, they will pay but little attention to your warning voice. But if you come to the bosom of the community; if you stand, as it were, in the midst, and labor for their improvement, they will become co-workers with you. For this, you have Divine example. Christ, who came to reform the world, received sinners and ate with them. As you are sensible that town schools are degraded, you are bound, by every sense of duty, to attempt to reform them; and to do this effectually you must put your own children into them.

It is singular, that you should make their need of reformation, the reason for abandoning them. Is this the way you do in your respective professions? Do you who are lawyers, refuse to assist your client, because he is in difficulty and needs your assistance? Do you who practice the healing art, make the sickness of your patient the reason why you will not visit him? And do you who minister at the altar, refuse to instruct your charge, and administer the consolations of religion, because your people are ignorant, and afflicted, and therefore need your teaching and sympathy? When you can justify yourselves in pursuing this course in your respective professions, then you can consistently abandon the town schools, because they are low and degraded.

I know you may say that, as parents, you ought not to expose your children to temptation; and that, while these schools are corrupt, you are exposing your children, by sending them where they will be in danger of being corrupted. This plea is plausible, and deserves grave consideration. But after all the reflection I have been able to bestow upon it, I am persuaded that it is the dictate of wisdom, and it is your duty, to put your children into the district school. Your children must associate with the children of the poor and vicious at some period or other; and in my estimation the sooner the better, so far as it is done by sending them to the same school. If you keep your children from the town school, and interdict their intercourse with the children of the poor and less-favored classes, during their minority, they must associate with them, when they become of age. You may keep them from such intercourse for a period, but associate with them they will and must, at some period of their lives. If you keep them from such intercourse; if you have them under your own eye, till they become free, they will then be sent into the world, totally ignorant of the great mass of the people, with whom they are to associate, and must mix, in a community where the very persons they once slighted and despised, will make a great majority, and so govern the town, the state, and the nation.

Your children, I repeat it, must come in contact with the children of the poor and less-favored classes, at some period or other, and in my estimation, the sooner, the better for them, and for all concerned. The child of six or eight years of age goes to the district school; and if he hears profanity, or witnesses improprieties, he comes home, and in all the simplicity of childhood relates it to his parents. This gives them a good opportunity to point out the evils of the practice. And instruction, given under such circumstances, will be much more likely to be heeded, than though it were given, when there was no such case before you. But if, through fear that your child may be corrupted, you keep him secluded from society, till he becomes twelve or fifteen years of age, he will then see and hear what is improper; but as he will conceal it from you, you will have no opportunity of giving him instruction, to counteract the temptation to which he has been exposed; and hence he will be more likely to be corrupted in this case than in the other.

Professional men, you know, have always been in the habit, more or less, of keeping their children aloof from the children around them. They have very frequently been taken from the district school, and sent abroad to some private school. This has been done to keep them from temptation. But what has the result proved? Has it demonstrated the wisdom of this course? Professional men have had occasion to mourn over the follies, and to weep over the ruin of their sons, as frequently as other men, to say the least. And those who now refuse to send their children to town schools, through fear that they may be corrupted, must take a narrow view of the subject. They are so engrossed with the present moment, that they do not look into the future; they suffer their minds to be so blinded by selfishness, as not to look beyond what they suppose to be the welfare of their own children. They guard their children at the present moment, instead of furnishing them with a shield by which they can, in future life, protect themselves. Instead of laboring to purify the atmosphere which their children must breathe when they come upon the theatre of action, they take them from the surrounding atmosphere, and thereby allow vapors more noxious, and exhalations more deadly, to arise; and when the whole air has become so charged with impurity,

'That nature sickens, and each gale is death,'

their children must be turned out to inhale this poisonous sirocco.

This, Gentlemen, is literally the course you pursue, who patronise private schools to the neglect of town schools. You withdraw your children from the mass, and suffer the mass to become more corrupt than it would be under other circumstances; so that when your children become of age, they must mingle with this corrupt mass; must be turned out into a community filled with ignorance and vice; ignorance and vice, too, whose tide you have contributed to swell.

Nor does this withdrawal of your children from the society of children around you, exert a good moral influence upon your own children, themselves. You keep them from the whirlwind, by exposing them to the deadly vapors of a prison. Taking them from the town school, and placing them with a select few, naturally fills them with pride and leads them to look with indifference upon those, they are thus taught to consider as far beneath themselves. Thus, instead of purifying the hearts of your own children, you dry up the very fountain of benevolence, and lay the foundation for the future ruin of your own offspring. This course also creates invidious distinctions in society, and so proves an injury to all classes. No one cause contributes so much to introduce the terms and the distinctions of other countries into our favored land, as the practice I am now opposing. The distinction of rich and poor, high and low, patrician and plebeian, has no place under our institutions. But if one class in the community cherish the principle, that their children are too good to be educated with the mass, those children when they come upon the stage, will be filled with patrician haughtiness and tyranny; and in this way, the distinctions of the dark ages, and of aristocratic governments, will be revived on these happy shores.

The tendency to this, is natural and direct. The little miss of thirteen, who has been taken from the Common School, and placed in a select school, will walk the street with a more formal step, and will exhibit more important airs, than those of her age who are kept in the institutions where their parents were educated. And the lad of sixteen, who has received his education in a high school, will entertain a suspicion at least, that those who attend the town school, are ignorant and vulgar, and hardly worthy of his attention. And let these feelings once gain possession of the youthful heart, and it will be hard to eradicate them. They will naturally grow with the growth of your children, and strengthen with their strength, till they become their ruling principles of action.

I do not say that all children educated in this way, will become aristocratic and imperious; but I do say, that this is the natural tendency of the practice I am opposing; and moreover, that if you educate your children, in this way, and especially if you do this in the country, it will require your utmost care to counteract the tendency. There is another danger to which your sons will be exposed. If they are educated in the manner of which we have been speaking, and if they imbibe the spirit which such an education naturally inspires, when they come to mix with society they will find their way hedged up, and their prospects defeated, by those from whose society they were early taken. Thus, mortified in their feelings, and defeated in their plans, they have a strong temptation to turn demagogue, and to become the assailants of those who were educated in the same way with themselves. If you look at the good of society, or the prosperity of your own children, I think you will on reflection, agree with me, that it is the dictate of wisdom and of duty, to have them educated with those of the community around you. I am satisfied, that as a class, you are not desirous of building up distinct classes in the community; that you are not aiming at the injury of society around you. You will cheerfully comply with any regulation which will subserve the interest of the community. If you are convinced that the course you have pursued is, on the whole, unwise or inexpedient, you have no pride of opinion to gratify, by adhering to your present practice. If you are convinced that the town schools need your patronage, and that select schools are detrimental to the cause of popular education, you will at once transfer your children to the institution established by your fathers, for the benefit of the whole community—of church and of state.

This is unquestionably true of you as a class. But there may be exceptions. Some of your numbers may feel differently, and be disposed to sustain select schools, whatever may be their effect upon society. If this be the design, and these the feelings, of any I now address, I trust you will have the candor and frankness to avow it. Come out like men, then, and let your purpose and your motives be known. You who are clergymen, come before your congregations, and tell them plainly that you will not allow your children to associate with theirs in the district school, lest their morals should be corrupted;—let the lawyer make the same declaration to his clients, and the physician to his patients. This, as honest men, you will feel called upon to do, lest your motives should be misrepresented. But what, think you, would be the effect of such an avowal? Would it strengthen your hold upon the affections of the great mass upon whom you depend for support? I will not aver, that the result would be fatal to your standing in society; but I will hazard the conjecture, that it would not enlarge the sphere of your influence, or redound to your honor or prosperity.

Consider, my friends, that you live in the midst of an observing, thinking community. The charm of antiquity is fast dispelling. Those at the present day, who would be respected, must be frank and open in their course. The professions as such, have ceased to be a shield; there are not wanting those who would delight to pull you down from the elevated stations which you occupy. It behooves you then, to show to the multitude around you, that you have a sympathy for your race; that you feel for the welfare of the community in which you live; and that you are willing to embark your interest, and that of your children with theirs, and are willing to prosper or perish with them. This is the dictate of wisdom. I would not ask you to encourage a policy, promotive of your own prosperity alone; I would not advise you to a course, which, as mere worldlings, it would be expedient for you to pursue. But when duty and interest coincide; when, what will elevate your own standing in society, will improve the morals and increase the happiness of the whole community, I can urge upon you with perfect propriety, the duty of putting your children into the town schools. Do not, my respected friends, mistake the teachings of true wisdom; but let your conduct show, that you are worthy of the respect of the aged and of the young.

SELECT ILLUSTRATIONS.

ORIGIN AND MANUFACTURE OF SILK.

Ezekiel xvi. 10.

'*I covered thee with silk.*'—This is the only chapter in which the word (*meshi*) occurs, which the generality of the Jewish interpreters, and most modern translators, understand to denote *silk*. But to this it has been objected, that silk was not likely to have been known to the Jews, since the Romans were not acquainted with it till the time of Augustus; and since, if it was known to them, it will be necessary to suppose an intercourse with China which has always been regarded as the native country of silk, and from which only it is probable that raw silk could be obtained. The obscurity of the ancient intimations does certainly involve the subject in great uncertainty. For as those from whom the western nations obtained their silk, made a great mystery of its origin and manufacture, the ancient writers give such intimations and explanations—made up of conjecture founded on some obscure hints which had, in the course of time, been collected—that it might be at times doubtful whether they at all spoke of silk and the silk-worm, were it not that the later ancient writers, who lived when the article had become well known, continue to speak as obscurely as their predecessors about its origin.

The question may be narrowed a little by the observation—that it is not *necessary* to suppose that the Hebrews of Palestine had any knowledge of silk as a material of dress. If silk be intended in the present instance, it proves nothing on this point; for Ezekiel had spent many years in captivity to the Babylonians, and the question evidently is only, whether silk was known to that people. Indeed, that the question should be strictly limited to this, seems evident from the fact, that the word does not occur in any portion of Scripture written in Palestine. In estimating this probability, we are to recollect that Ezekiel himself, in the ensuing chapter (verse 4), calls Babylonia 'a land of traffic,' and Babylon 'a city of merchants.' This passage forms the text of Heeren's inquiry into the commerce of the Babylonians, to which it makes a most interesting commentary. Babylon was in fact a great commercial city, forming the entrepot for the commerce of the countries to the east and west, being, from the advantages of its intermediate situation, upon a great navigable river opening to the gulf of Persia, an immense caravanserai, in which character it has in later days been, on a more humble scale, represented by Bagdad. Babylon was itself a place of great demand and consumption for all the luxuries of far countries; and hence such luxuriss were sought by its merchants, or brought to them by the great mercantile people of the time; and that these luxuries included goods obtained on the shores of India has already been intimated in the note on 2 Chron. xx. 36, to which we beg to refer the reader. It is quite true that *silk* does not occur in the list of the articles which was the object of the Indian trade; but that this list is very incomplete and unsatisfactory has been intimated in the note to which we refer. The country of silk, however, is not India, but China; the Indians themselves having been, down to a very modern date, supplied from that country. It is not, however, necessary to extend the voyages of the Babylonians, Phœnicians, or Arabians to China, in order to bring them into a condition to obtain silk. It is sufficient to suppose that they got it from the Indians, who not only from a very obvious probability, but from historical intimations, would appear to have traded with China, and to have partially arrayed themselves with its silks. As worn by them, it could not fail to attract the attention of the traders from Western Asia, who would desire to obtain it, and did obtain it at enhanced price, from the Indians, and sold it at a price still more enhanced at Babylon. Indeed, the scarcity of silk even in Roman times, and the prodigious price which it brought (weight for weight with gold), seems to demonstrate that it had passed through several hands in its progress westward, and that the merchants did not immediately derive it from the country in which it was produced.

These conjectures would be of little positive worth were they supported by probabilities only. But, in fact, 'Assyria' (understood of Babylonia in the large sense) was the source from which the Romans continued to derive their silk even in the time of Pliny; and this is always mentioned, previously, as the country from which silk was brought; although the nations of Eastern Europe were not ultimately unaware that it came from a more remote

country, which they called Serica, concerning which they had many absurd ideas, but by which China appears to have been vaguely understood. From this it will appear that the question as to the existence of silk in Babylonia is merely one of date, and although it may not be possible to find any positive statement to indicate its presence there at the time when Ezekiel wrote, there is every probability in favor of this conclusion; as, when we first find it in those intermediate countries, there is not the least intimation that it had there only newly become known; and we can come near enough to show, that, that if it had not been newly introduced, it must have been known there in the time of Ezekiel.

It is a remarkable fact, that the first persons who brought wrought silk into Europe were the Greeks of Alexander's army, which conquered the Persian empire, in which Babylon was then included. In other words, about 250 years after Ezekiel, silk is known to have been used in the dress of the Persians. Jahn even conjectures that the famous robe, which the Persians adopted from the Medes as a dress of honor, was of silk; and if so, as the luxury of the Medes was contemporary with that of the Babylonians, we should find silk on the frontiers of Babylonia even about the time of Ezekiel. Now, what was known to the Persians, and possibly to the Medes, was not likely to be unknown to the still more luxurious Babylonians, who moreover had access to the shores of the country where silk might be found; and should it be alleged that the Persians had greater facilities of obtaining silk by the land route from the frontiers of China, the effect will be the same, for we may be sure that the results of Persian, as well as of Arabian and Phœnician, commerce, found their way to the great mart of Babylon. As the Medes and Babylonians (or at least the latter) were luxurious and wealthy, and fond of rich dresses, it may well be supposed that they absorbed all the limited supply which reached them; and as the nations more west were less rich and of plainer manners, the merchants had no motive to carry the commodity to a more western market. This will show that silk may long have been in use in Babylonia before it was known in Europe and on the western shores of Asia. It is a remarkable circumstance that the silk came to the west manufactured in cloth half silk; and it is said the plan was devised of unravelling the stuff, which was re-woven into cloth of entire silk. The only proper silk manufactures that we can find to have existed in the west were those of the Phœnicians at Tyre and Berytus; which seems to show that the Phœnicians not only possessed the trade in silk but the process of manufacture, which they carefully kept secret.

As the dress described in this chapter is intended to be of the richest materials, it might well be supposed that the prophet would mention silk, if silk were known to him. Silk continued to bear an astonishing high price down to a comparatively late period. Thus we find that silk was forbidden to be worn by men, under Tiberius. When they did wear it, silk formed only a part of the fabric, robes entirely of silk being left to the women. It is numbered among the most extravagant luxuries or effeminacies of Heliogabalus, that he was the first man who wore a robe of entire silk; and the anecdotes are well known of the emperor M. Antonious, who caused a silk robe which had become his property to be sold: and of the Emperor Aurelian, who refused on the ground of its extravagant cost, a silk dress which his consort earnestly requested from him. Such anecdotes have an emphasis here, where, by a figurative reference to the most rich and costly articles of dress then known, God describes the precious and glorious things with which he had invested the people he redeemed from the bondage and misery of Egypt.

LIBERIA.

Items gathered from the Liberia Herald, April, 1839.

Baptist Churches.—The editor gives an account of a quarterly meeting of the Baptist churches at Milsburg, which he says was an interesting and refreshing season.

Methodist Mission.—The Methodist mission at White Plains have ereected a dwelling house, workshop, school house, and outbuildings, all neat, commodious and convenient. They have established a semi-monthly publication at Liberia, entitled '*Africa's Luminary*, edited by Rev. John Leys and Doctor S. M. E. Gobeen. In noticing this paper, the editor of the Herald remarks:

'It is not the least of our pleasure to perceive in the editorial reference to the death of the unfortunate Mr. Finley, a determination on the part of the editors to pursue a straightforward and truth-telling course. It is only by this course, that we can hope to draw any important aid to the Colony or country from abroad. Deception will eventually be exposed, and brand the deceiver and the cause with infamy and detestation. Florid, and exaggerated statements have been the bane of the Colony. And as we find in all past experience and instances, and unaccountable propensity to mystify, amplify and magnify every thing said, done, seen or thought, in this land of dreamy mysteriousness, a ceaseless regard should be had to the soberness of truth.'

This mission have also established a Seminary or High School at Monrovia, under the direction of Jabez A. Burton, A. B.

Deaths.—Rev. T. Smith, of the Baptist church, died in January, in the triumph of faith. The editor of the Herald speaks of him as having been the means of much good to the church, both at Monrovia, Millsburg, and Caldwell. In March, Rev. J. B. Berton, of the Methodist Church, died at Monrovia. His character and usefulness is spoken of in the highest terms.

Governor Buchannan arrived the first of April. He had made a tour through the Colony, and was joyfully received.

War.—There has been an attack upon Bassa Cove, by the Fishmen; which was, however, repulsed, without very serious loss on the part of the Colony. The natives have also made an attack on Sinoe settlement, killed three Americans, and wounded seven others.

Translations, &c.—Rev. Wm. G. Crocker, of the Baptist Mission, has translated the Gospels of Matthew and Luke into the Bassa tongue; and Rev. Mr. Wilson, missionary of the American Board at Cape Palmas, has translated Matthew into the Grebo language. He has also published 'A Brief Grammatical Analysis of the Grebo language.' The following extract will give some idea of the construction of the language:

English.	*Grebo.*	*Translation.*
He is drunk,	nah ni na,	rum works him.
Sea-sick,	idu ni na,	the sea works him.
It lightens,	yau a po yi,	the sky he winks his eyes.
To thunder,	teh mane,	the thunder bawls.
It rains,	nuh hle,	the rain talks.
It is dark,	hoide bi baka,	darkness lays on very hard.
To-morrow,	goinamia gnamu,	the day that is going to give light.
To consider,	mi na lu yinu,	I am going to look my head.

The following is an extract of a letter from a colored woman who emigrated in Feb uary last, in the Saluda, to her sister in New-York, dated

Millsburgh, May 20th.

'This is a delightful place, indeed. There is no doubt that any one, who is disposed to work at all, can get a living in Millsburg. There is as much land as you choose to take up, and you may plant what you choose. You can go any where you please in the woods, and cut timber wherever you find it. The people enjoy themselves quite as much as the freest white man in America. We are very well satisfied with the place. Many things are scarce here, but this must be expected in all new countries like this.

'This is the greatest place for religion I have ever seen. It seems as if every one had been converted, from the least to the greatest. I have never seen so much piety in all my life, as I have seen since I have been here. No one could be otherwise than satisfied here, if they are disposed to be satisfied at all.

'Any kind of seed you plant will grow, and as for corn and such things, I have never seen a better place for raising them.

A letter from another of the emigrants, to the Rev. Dr. Proudfit says:—

'Death has taken my effectionate husband. I am a widow; but Jesus is my friend. I have found him to be my friend indeed. He has raised up friends in Africa for me, through all my troubles. I have not as yet felt as if I wanted to return to the United States. My husband's dying words were, that I should remain in Africa with the children, and that the Lord would provide.

'Dear Sir, though many are my privations, yet I bless the Lord that I am here. I feel to-day, although a widow, satisfied to spend the remainder of my days in Africa; and may the Lord spare my children to prove a blessing to this country, is all that I have to give for my portion.'—*Ch. Intel.*

[From the Providence Journal.]

A GOOD TIME.

How happy the children look! was the exclamation of every one who saw the gathering at Kendall Farm on Wednesday afternoon,

'When young and old went forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.'—

They were indeed happy—for the joyous looks and smiles of childhood always come gushing from the very heart—and the kindly and gentle influences of nature are never lost upon the young. Their free spirits are ever at home in the green fields—while their budding existence finds sympathy among all fresh and growing things, which they may so easily be taught to regard as beautiful emblems of their own bright lives. Every thing in the outward world, even the minutest forms of life, may be considered as typical, and an illustration of something in the human and spiritual nature. There is no text-book so interesting to a little child as the Book of Nature. When weary of all others, and sick of catechisms and precepts, take him into the fields, and he never fails to listen devoutly to the lessons of wisdom and faith, which the birds and the lilies teach him.

Since the revelation of Jesus, the universe is no longer a sphynx-riddle, but a divine parable, and the truths of God shine through all His works into the open hearts of 'these little ones'—So that 'many things hidden from the wise, are revealed unto babes.' Every hill and valley is a picture engraven by the hand of the Deity. And how much more worthy of the eye and contemplation of a child, than the terrors of his pictorial primer, which too soon fill the young mind with gloom and dismal forebodings. Why should a ghastly and grinning image of Death, with the 'terrific 'scythe, that cuts down all,' and the 'glass, which shows how man's life doth pass,' be made to spoil the first feast of existence—and haunt the young being from its very cradle!

'A little child that lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death.'

It is good therefore—and an indication of a better acquaintance with the nature of childhood, to see Sabbath Schools meeting in the groves—in 'temples not made with hands.' For the time has come, when the Father is not worshipped exclusively in this 'Mountain of Zion' nor that,—nor even in the holy city of Jerusalem—but only acceptably, in the spirit, and in truth. And the true spirit of devotion must spring from a heart full of gratitude and joy. There is ever something like the tone of prayer, mingling with the filial feelings of children, whenever their spirits, by happy influences, are attuned to gladness and love.

And what is there that so constrains and subdues the human soul—even in youth, as the mute ministry and serene beauty of nature?

At the generous invitation of Mr Henry L. Kendall, two of the Sabbath Schools of this city—those connected with Mr Farley's and Mr Halls's congregations—assembled, with their parents and teachers, at his delightful place at 3 o'clock on Wednesday last. They were received in a garden, in front of the house, where prayer was offered—and an appropriate address delivered, by Rev. Mr Farley.* After which the following original hymn was sung by a choir of infant voices—when they were permitted to wander at will—and run about and gambol like lambs in the green pastures.

ORIGINAL HYMN.
Written by Mr Farley.

Oh God, our Father, hear!
List to thy children dear,
While thee we praise;
Here, mid thy works so fair,
On the sweet summer air,
Would we our song and pray'r,
To thy name raise!

We see in all around,
We feel with awe profound,
Thy presence near;
O meet us, Holy One!
With thine anointed Son;
Let thy smile rest upon
All gathered here.

Childhood its rose-buds brings—
Youth its first blossomings—
To deck thy shrine:
O let the off'ring be
Accepted, Lord, by thee,
And by thy spirit we
Be all made thine!

While these, the morning hours
Of life's short day are ours,
But quickly flee—
Fill'd with the heart's true love
For thee our God above,
O may those hours but prove
Our piety.

Then when those hours are past,
And we've enjoyed the last
There is of youth—
Our riper years shall tell
Through all their lengthen'd swell,
How faithfully, how well
We've kept thy truth!

By that truth's blessed power,
Life's last, its parting hour
All glad shall be;
And, as they wing their way
To realms of brighter day,
Our souls shall soar away,
O Lord, to thee!

In the shade of a pleasant grove, about a quarter of a mile from the house, a *pic-nic* collation was amply prepared, and served by the mothers and teacher, whose smiles, beaming upon the happy groups around them, so sweetened the feast, that a 'dinner of herbs' even, accompanied with so much love, would have been indeed sumptuous to the hearts of the children. The repast was admirably adapted to the juvenile taste, and very evidently 'went off well.' Such groups of figures, dressed in white—carelessly and gracefully disposed upon a ground of living green—were exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, and showed like troops of the shining ones.

How interesting is it in an hour of such free abandonment to all the innocent 'impulses of soul and sense' to read the open and earnest face of a child;

'Ere yet the shadow lies,
In the summer heaven of his clear eyes.'

And though on an occasion like this, the general expression is one of joy, yet it is interesting to observe the varied hues and depths—we will not call them *shades* of thought, which mark the countenances of the different ages, from the pure lily-like look of the infant in the mother's arms, up through all the gradations of youth and manhood, to the 'second childishness' and wintry blossomings of ripe and hoary age. Such a succession and scale of Humanity was presented to the contemplation of the thoughtful, in the Grove on Wednesday. A gallery of living illustrations of human life, from infancy to age, from the hands of the Divine Artist! For there was not wanting to that youthful band, the contrast of Age to complete the picture. The venerable presence of one man, far advanced in the 'Seventh Age,' made the scene 'seem hallowed by the breath of other times.' Here was the sage moral appended to the beautiful allegory of youth. It was affecting to see the old man, sitting in patriarchal simplicity of heart, on the grass beside an infant of days, that looked

'Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on some flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.'—

and to think of the long chasm of years, and the Bridge of Sighs, that intervened between them.

At about 6 o'clock, the children with one accord again assembled in the Garden, and sung the following Hymn, to the good old tune of 'Brattle Street,' which, like 'noble Elgin, beats the heaven-ward flame.'

HYMN.

Lord of the teeming earth and sky,
Whose fanes are forest bowers,
With shadowy cedars lifted high,
'Mid incense of the flowers;

Here, in the grove, whose grateful shade,
And woody aisles inspire,
(A temple not by mortals made)
We worship and admire.

In meadows, vales, and scented fields
Thy providence we see:
It fills the balmy air which yields
To wing of bird or bee.

Thou who dost lead thy thirsting flocks
Where'er still waters flow,
Whose love is graven on the rocks,
And paints the arching bow;

So let thy love to us be shown,
Thy gracious help be given,
That we may meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in heaven!

Mr Farley once more briefly addressed them in words which their hearts might understand, and which it will be difficult for them to forget.

'I wish to say to you, young friends, in parting, in the same spirit in which I addressed you, when we met, let all that you have seen and enjoyed to day among the beautiful works and scenes of nature, raise your hearts in gratitude and love to the Great Giver, from whom cometh every blessing.—And let every such interchange of your best social affections—the joys of home—and the pleasure of these happy meetings, serve to impress upon your hearts more and more deeply, the beautiful sentiments every where written on the living page of nature, in the fair and serene heavens, and upon the green and bountiful earth—'God is Love.'

A blessing was pronounced, which seemed to be really *received*—and the children returned home, grateful and happy, to talk and dream of this rare good time. A.

* Rev. Mr Hall was unexpectedly and unfortunately absent from the city.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FEEBLE CHURCHES NO, 2.

Mr. Editor,—I sent you a short time since a communication on the subject of Feeble Churches, which you was kind enough to insert in your paper. If you and your readers are willing to bear with me a little longer, I will add a few more reflections, some of which have suggested themselves to my own mind since my last, and others by a friend.

I look upon this subject in a more serious light than its mere title would seem to imply. I cast my eyes abroad, over the face of our religious denomination, and with an anxious heart and troubled spirit, I inquire, are we as a people alive to our true religious interests, and the spiritual wants of our nature, or are we merely pleasing ourselves with a notion of Gospel liberty, whilst we have not a Gospel principle of holiness within us to free us from the power of sin. Now this is a question which every one should bring home to his own soul; for a speculative belief, without vital piety cannot plant itself upon the Rock of ages.

These remarks, however remote they may seem from my subject, are yet very applicable, and have a direct bearing upon all our churches, particularly upon those which have just started into life, or those destitute of means sufficient to provide abundantly for public worship. Now I have not the least doubt but a society of liberal Christians might be established in every town in the Commonwealth, and I might almost say throughout the land, if the people professing those sentiments and pretending to cherish them had more of that living faith and steadfast hope, which enable us to overcome all obstacles, and to persevere unto the end. It is for the want of those that Societies which have been gathered have prospered only for a time, and then have been left to die. To-day we hear that the people have rallied in a certain place, and are about to have regular preaching; the minister is called, his salary fixed, and for a time the good work appears to be going on. By and by the scene changes, the novelty is over, the story has grown old, the preachor is dull, the props have given way and the society scattered. If you ask the reason of this change, the answer is, that too often one of the principal men of the society have gone away, or grown tired of paying the taxes, and the rest were not disposed to take the responsibility, and so the minister, left to his own resources, leaves the flock to their sad fate. How strange, how unreasonable it is that a society should be scattered because a few have tired by the way. But strange as it is, the mystery can be solved. It is because the life of Christ does not shine out in their souls. A certain ancient Divine has better expressed my meaning. 'He that hath not the life of Christ in him, he hath nothing but the name, nothing but a fancy of Christ, he hath not the substance of him.' The same writer says, 'Christ came not to fill our heads with mere speculations; he came not to possess our brains only with some cold opinions, that send down nothing but a freezing and benumbing influence upon our hearts. Christ was the master of the Life, and not of the schools: a practical and not merely a theoretical teacher: and he is the best christian whose heart beats with the purest pulse towards heaven: not he whose head spinneth out the finest cobwebs.' Surely, Mr. Editor, no one can misunderstand my meaning in these remarks. I do not mean to say that in our connexion there is no genuine piety. God be praised for all the blessed influence which our religion has had in the world. I have seen many go down to the dark valley, cheered by the promises, and sustained by the faith we love. But I would have this blessed faith be the joy of every one, so that when we feel faint by the way; when we are tempted to despair and leave our Master, and his cause, we may have his blessed Gospel in our hearts, and exemplify it in our lives and actions. With all our privileges we certainly have every thing to hope. But the blessings will not reach us unless we cultivate the inward life, and become a praying people; and if we pray earnestly for practical holiness, the spirit will descend, and our labors will be blessed. I shall not probably trouble you again on this subject, but I have uttered the convictions of my mind, and I believe no one will accuse me of any wrong motives, or a morbid disposition to find fault.

A Layman.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 3, 1839.

A GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION.

We almost instinctively turn with aversion from every new scheme to reform and improve society. There has been so much folly and fanaticism in many of them, that distrustis thrown over every thing of the kind. People rush into enterprises that contemplate the regeneration of the world, and the plaudits of the universe, with a confidence that is only equalled by their ignorance of the high and holy matters they are about to deal with. But to effect the purposes for which Christ died, saints in heaven ceaseless pray, and God watches with an unslumbering providence, demands the calmest action of the purest and highest minds. We see nothing objectionable in the following plan. It strikes us very favorably. The idea of convening persons from every portion of our country to consult for the interest of education, is a fine one. Consultations on so disinterested a subject, can not fail to beget mutual sympathy, respect and confidence. Such conventions, held yearly, would do much to soften and soothe the exasperated party feelings that prevail through our country. We rejoice there is one subject, in regard to which people of all creeds and politics have an equal interest. It is only necessary for the sensible and good men, of every portion of our country, to meet together, free from the disturbing influences of passion, pride and conflicting opinions, to love and trust each other. The proposed convention, if well managed, will be second in dignity and importance, only to that which proclaimed our independence. It is for it to make a second declaration of independence from prejudice, suspicion, ignorance, from the reign of pretenders and demagogues. It is for it to unfurl the banner of peace and good will, to arouse our people to a just perception of their first and dearest interest, and to diffuse abroad the sentiments of faith, hope and charity. An enlightened friend of education, is of more worth than a score of noisy politicians. Those who build railroads and canals do well. But those who do something to develope more wisely and fully the moral and intellectual energies of the young—do better. We wish some of our educated and able young men saw more clearly, where true honor, and lasting fame are to be gained. They would not seek it so ardently in the forum or the senate chamber, as in persevering efforts, to enlighten, elevate, and sanctify the rising genetation. For apparently on it more than on any other, that has ever appeared in it, depends the fortunes of the world, at least for many centuries. May that eternal spirit that presides over the deliberations of the devout and devoted, endue with a double portion of grace and wisdom the minds of those on whom it devolves to carry into effect the noble purpose here stated.

To His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts and the members of the Legislature of that State.

Fellow Citizens:

At the ninth annual meeting of the American Lyceum, held in the city of New York on the 3d, 4th and 6th of May 1839, the following resolutions, proposed by Professor Brooks of Massachusetts, were maturely considered and unanimously adopted: viz.

'*Resolved*, That it is expedient to hold a National Convention for one week in the 'Hall of Independence' at Philadelphia, beginning on the 22d of November next at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of discussing the various topics connected with elementary education in the United States.

'*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to request the Governor (and, if in session, the Legislature) of each state in the Union to invite the friends of education in their state to attend the Convention.' (*Copy of records.*)

The undersigned, having been appointed to form the committee, do now in obedience to their instructions respectfully address you on this paramount subject.

The American Lyceum, in taking measures to carry into effect the above resolutions, expresses its deep anxiety for the proper physical, intellectual and moral culture of every child in the United States. It is ascertained that as many as nineteen out of twenty children, who receive instruction, receive it in the common schools. These schools therefore must be with us the hope of civilization, liberty and virtue. To elevate them so as to meet the wants of our republic is the high and single aim of the Convention. Parties in politics and sects in religion will not for a moment be recognized in any form. No power will be vested in the assembly. It will be, we trust, a company of philanthropists, patriots and Christians coming together in the spirit of an expansive benevolence, to consult for the highest good of the rising generation; and whose deliberations and results, when published to the country, will bring the great cause of Education simultaneously before the several states in a form for enlightened, definite and successful action. As subservient to this humane and patriotic object we would suggest a few among the many topics which will demand the consideration of the meeting: viz.

How many children are there in each state who, according to the laws of that state, should be under instruction? How many of this number are found in the schools? What is the condition of the common schools in each state? What is the organization of the school system? What branches of knowledge should be taught in our common schools? What should be the character of our common school books? How may school apparatus and school libraries be made most useful? In what branches should instruction be given orally, and in what degree? What should be the qualifications of teachers? Are normal schools (or seminaries for the preparation of teachers) desirable? On what plan should they be established? Is a central normal school for the Union desirable? Should it be under the direction of Congress or a society of citizens? What connection should the common schools have with academies, colleges and universities? What models for school-houses are best? Will a 'Board of Education,' established by each state, afford the best supervision and secure the highest improvement of the schools? How can itinerant teachers and lecturers best supply destitute places? Is a national system of instruction desirable? How should a school-fund be applied? In what part of each state has the greatest progress been made in elementary education? How may school statistics, which must be the basis of legislation, be most easily collected? What features of the systems now in operation in Holland, Germany, Prussia, France and Great Britain, may be most usefully adopted in this country?

Fellow Citizens: The discussion of these and kindred topics will probably elicit a mass of information the importance of which cannot be easily overstated. We would therefore urge those, who shall attend the Convention, to come prepared for making known the valuable facts they can gather. Believing that all the talent of a country should be so tempted forth, by judicious culture, as to bring it into profitable and harmonious action; that it is important to the public good as well as to private happiness that we should receive the requisite supply of useful information; and that each faculty which the Creator has implanted in childhood should be developed in its natural order, proper time and due proportion, we invite you to secure the attendance of delegates from your state prepared to promote this first duty of our republic—the education of our youth! Believing that our country must look to intelligence as its defence and to virtue as its life-blood; and that the plan now proposed, originating in the most enlightened views of freedom and humanity, will be the first in a series of means for securing the greatest good to future generations, not only among us but to our sister republics, the Lyceum desires to bring into a focus all the light which can be collected in our land. Some of the most distinguished gentlemen in several states have promised to be present; and we would suggest the expediency of inviting the members of Congress (who will be on their way to Washington about the time of the meeting) to join the Convention.

With the most heartfelt good wishes for the success of every effort for the benefit of the young both in your state and throughout the Union, we are

Your friends and fellow citizens,
Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey.
Charles Brooks, of Massachusetts.
John Griscom, of Pennsylvania.
Henry R. Schoolcraft, of Michigan.
Theodore Dwight Jun., of New York.

New York, June 1839.

GREAT PRINCIPLES.

Protestantism Subverted.

And he said unto them, full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition.—*Mark* vii. 9.

These remarks are intended as a plain statement of a principle, deemed essential by Protestants to the purity of religion. The principle to which we refer, is that quoted in our columns two weeks since, from the writings of Chillingworth.

'The Bible,' (he says,) 'the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants. Whatsoever else they believe besides it, and the plain, irrefragable, indubitable consequences of it, well may they hold it *as a matter of opinion*; but as a *matter of faith and religion*, neither can they, with coherence with their own grounds, believe it themselves, nor require belief of it of others, without most high and *most schismatical* presumption.'

It has been suggested as proper and seasonable to call attention again to the subject presented in this quotation. According to the principle here stated, all the truths and moral precepts, or rules of action revealed, and enjoined by the Holy Scriptures, are *matters of faith* and are authoritative. The church of Christ is bound to adopt them as standing rules of order and tests of fellowship and communion. Nor is the church at liberty to set them aside under any pretence. The cordial reception of them is required by the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Lawgiver and Judge of his people.

Christians generally have certain views of the philosophy of doctrine, of church government, and of measures to promote order, which are not evidently taught in the Bible. All such views, according to the distinction made by Chillingworth, are *matters of opinion*. Men may hold them as *opinions*, but not as a *part of their faith*, without incurring the guilt of schism. But to make such opinions tests of order in the church, and require belief of them of others, is, in the language of Chillingworth, 'most high and most schismatical presumption.'

The distinction here made between *matters of faith* and *opinions*, is obvious to every one. It has long been recognized as important to promote harmony in the church. In the house of God men are not to be condemned for their *opinions*, nor suffered to make their opinions the standards of orthodoxy. Their opinions are of no authority to others, whatever they may think of them. But *matters of faith* are authoritative; the terms of membership and communion in the church, enjoined by the Scriptures, are tests of order in the house of God, which no man may set aside.

The distinction which we have thus briefly stated, should never be forgotten. '*The Bible only is the religion of Protestants.*' Nothing else is authoritative or binding upon the conscience. This is the great *distinguishing principle of Protestantism.*

We shall not pursue this subject to-day. Three or four remarks suggested by it are subjoined.

1st. It is of immense importance that all Christians should see and know that there is an infinite difference between *matters of faith*—and *matters of opinion*. The former are sacred authoritative and binding, and cannot be rejected without great guilt: but there is no guilt in rejecting human opinions as matters of faith and order, however respectable their authors may be.

2nd. The blending of human opinions with matters of faith, so as to confound and conceal the distinction, was the great inlet of error and corruption in the Romish church.

3rd. It is by faith in God's truth, that the conscience is enlightened and sanctified by the Holy Spirit: in this way, the religious man is made a holy man.—Faith in human

opinions produces no such efforts. Hence, many in the Romish church, and too many among Protestants, seem to be *very* religious, and at the same time *very* immoral. Their religion does not sanctify their consciences.

4th. When matters of faith and matters of opinion are blended together, and made equally authoritative by ecclesiastical enactments, the people lose their reverence for the authority of God. They have the same respect for the mistaken opinions of poor, fallible, erring man as they have for the infallible word of God.—It was in this way, that France was prepared to be a nation of atheists.

5th. It is *morally wrong* to sustain or countenance measures which make opinions authoritative in the church. To do so, impairs or weakens the force of the divine authority upon the consciences of men. The truth of this remark deserves the attention of all those in the church, who are sustaining the 'new basis of 1837 and 1838.'

6th. The great and distinguishing principle of protestantism, which exalts and honors the Word of God, and shows the wide distinction between the authority of that Word and human opinion, is essential to the purity of religion.

7th. The Reformers must either admit that their acts are of no religious authority whatever, or that they themselves have, in said acts, renounced the great principle of Protestantism, —that which distinguishes it from Romanism.

MR BUTLER'S ADDRESS AT WESTPOINT

It is appropriate and sensible without any ... production of a practical, well-balanced mind, rather than one endued with any uncommon energy. The ultra-peace people will hardly concur with his views and conclusions. But we do not see how they can easily gainsay or resist them. We rejoice to know that Mr Butler, pressed by many and important secular duties and engagements, finds time for works of philanthropy and the cultivation of humble and elevated piety. Such examples are of great worth. They are fountains of pure and wide influence. We wish they were more frequent in our conspicuous places. They would do more to improve, save, and bless us as a nation, than the highest intellect and the most powerful eloquence can effect, unsanctified by the fear of God and the love of truth. Such men the people can trust, whatever may be the peculiarities of their political creed. We are glad too to find men in the position and pursuits of Mr Butler, expressing sentiment so just as those contained in the following passage.

'It is essential to the acquisition of a true literary taste, that the moral nature be assiduously cultivated. It contains the deepest and purest fountains of the beautiful and the sublime; and he, whose soul is fullest of the generous emotions—who has most frequently sought, 'in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, the bright countenance of truth'—and who, with greatest faithfulness, has walked in the way of her commandments—will, other things being equal, be the best fitted for deriving pleasure and advantage from intellectual pursuits. It is for this reason, that I have placed the Bible at the head of the brief catalogue just given. Apart from its authority, on all questions of morals, as a revelation from Heaven, it contains more of beautiful and touching narrative; of pure and practical moral teaching; of sublime poetry and eloquence; than is to be found in any other book. Our common version, with the spirit of an original work, gives us, perhaps, the best specimen to which we can resort of pure and idiomatic English. Well then may it be made the basis of all intellectual culture; the touch-stone of doctrine; the standard of excellence in thought and in expression. It has peculiar claims in a mere literary point of view, on the attention of the soldier. The earliest of triumphal songs is to be found in the history of the Exodus; and after the lapse of thousands of years, it is yet unrivalled. In many of the later compositions of the Hebrew muse, there is the like union of the martial spirit with the highest fervors of devotion; and the greatest hymnist of his nation and of the world, spent in active and perilous war a large portion of his life. In many of his odes, the circumstances and feelings which belong to the military profession, are frequently referred to; and he claims for it a peculiar dignity, by ascribing, more than once, his skill in the art of war, to the teachings of the Almighty.* The other portions of the Old Testament, and the whole of the New, are not less worthy the regard of every cultivated mind. Let the Bible, then, be ever included in your course of literary study, and let it hold the same rank in such a course, as would be given to it in a system of ethics.'

* Psalm xviii. 34; cxliv. 1.

DAYS OF THE SAVIOR. From ... Olshausen.

We mentioned this little work two weeks since. We then said it was very interesting. It could hardly be otherwise, relating as it does to those few days in our Savior's life, more full of interest, pathos and spiritual power, than any other that have ever passed over our earth. We now add after having examined it more, it is valuable. It contains perhaps little, absolutely new to those who have studied the various writers on the circumstances, and scenes that crowded the close of our Savior's life. There are, however, some remarks and views especially in connexion with the Resurrection, that have struck us as original. It contains in a convenient and condensed form much criticism and information that ought to be in the possession of all—but which now is scattered through many and rare volumes. It will prove particularly valuable to Sunday School teachers. It explains in a lucid manner, facts and difficulties, which must frequently trouble them. It will be of considerable advantage to all who would gain accurate knowledge and clear perceptions of the passions, incidents and events connected with that most touching, most appalling, most sublime portion of our Savior's mortal life. The translator we think has done a good work, and have no doubt he will do many more.

We wish he had thrown in some notes to correct certain expressions and sentiments. The chapter relating to the agony in the Garden, is very objectionable. It throws a deeper darkness over that inexplicable scene.

THE BRIDE OF FORT EDWARD. Founded on an incident in the Revolution.

We have read it with much pleasure. It contains many passages of true poetry, and much fine thought and beautiful imagery. We think it will be popular. We commend it to all who can find a leisure hour in a warm day. The author we know not. But if this be a first production, he has something to do to keep his promise to the public. The long extract we have given speaks for itself. It is written in the form of dialogue, though not designed for the stage.

THOUGHTS.

SCENE. *The Hill. The Student's Night-watch.*

How beautiful the night, through all these hours
Of nothingness, with ceaseless music wakes
Among the hills, trying the melodies
Of myriad chords on the lone, darkened air,
With lavish power, self-gladdened, caring nought
That there is none to hear. How beautiful!
That men should live upon a world like this,
Uncovered all, left open every night
To the broad universe, with vision free
To roam the long bright galleries of creation,
Yet, to their strange destiny ne'er wake.
You mighty hunter in his silver vest,
That o'er those azure fields walks nightly now,
In his bright girdle wears the self-same gems
That on the watchers of old Babylon
Shone once, and to the soldier on her walls
Marked the swift hour, as they do now to me.

Prose is the dream, and poetry the truth.
That which we call reality, is but
Reality's worn surface, that one thought
Into the bright and boundless all might pierce.
There's not a fragment of this weary real
That hath not in its lines a story hid
Stranger than aught wild chivalry could tell.
There's not a scene of this dim, daily life,
But, in the splendor of one truthful thought
As from creation's palette freshly wet,
Might make young romance's loveliest picture dim,
And e'en the wonder-land of ancient song,—
Old Fable's fairest dream, a nursery rhyme.
How calm the night moves on, and yet
In the dark morrow, that behind those hills
Lies sleeping now, who knows what waits?—'Tis well.
He that made this life, I'll trust with another.
To be,—there was the risk. We might have waked
Amid wrathful scene, but this,—with all
Its lovely ordinances of calm days,
The golden morns, the rosy evenings,
Its sweet sabbath hours and holy homes,—
If the same hidden hand from whence these sprung,
That dark gate opens, what need we fear there?—
Here's wrath, but none that hath not its sure pathway
Upward leading,—there are tears, but 'tis
A school-time weariness; and many a breeze
And lovely warble from our native hills,
Through the dim casement comes, over the worn
And tear-wet page, unto the listening ear
Of our home sighing—to the *listening* ear.
Ah, what know we of life?—of that strange life
That this, in many a folded rudiment,
With nature's low, unlying voice, doth point to.
Is it not very like what the poor grub
Knows of the butterfly's gay being?—
With its colors strange, fragrance, and song,
And robes of floating gold with gorgeous dyes,
And loveliest motion o'er wide, blooming worlds.
That dark dream had ne'er imaged!—
Ay, sing on,
Sing on, thou bright one, with the news of life,
The everlasting, winging o'er our vale.
Oh warble on, thy high, strange song.
What sayest thou?—a land o'er these dark cliffs,
A land all glory, where the day ne'er setteth—
Where bright creatures, mid the deathless shades,
Go singing, shouting evermore? And yet
'Twere vain. That wild tale hath no meaning here,
Thou warbler from afar. Like music
Of a foreign tongue, on our dull sense,
The rich thought wastes.—We have been nursed in tears,
Thro' all we've known of life, we have known grief,
And is there none in life's deep essence mixed?
Is sorrow but the young soul's garment then?—
A baby mantle, doffed forever here,
Within these lowly walls.
And we were born
Amid a glad creation!—then why hear we ne'er
The silver shout, filling the unmeasured heaven?—
Why catch we e'er the rich plume's rustle soft,
Or sweep of passing lyre! Our tearful home
Hung 'mid a gay, rejoicing universe,
And ne'er a glimpse adown its golden paths?—
Oh are there eyes, soft eyes upon us,
In the dark and in the day, shining unseen,
And everlasting smiles, brightening unfelt
On all our tears? News sweet and strange ye bring.
Hither we came from our Creator's hands,
Bright earnest ones, looking for joy, and lo,
A stranger met us at the gate of life,
A stranger dark, wrapped us in her robe,
And bore us on through a dim vale.—Ah, not
The world we looked for,—for an image in
Our souls was born, of a high home, that yet
We have not seen. And were our childhood's yearnings,
Its strange hopes, no dreams then,—dim revealings
Of a land that yet we travel to?—
But thou, oh foster-mother, mournful nurse,
So long upon thy sable vest we're leaned,
Thou art grown dear to us, and when at last
At yonder blue and burning gate
Thou yieldest up thy trust, and joy at last
In her own wild embrace enfolds us once, e'en
From the jewelled bosom of that dazzling one,
From the young roses of that smiling face,
Shall we not turn to thee, for one last glimpse
Of that wan cheek, and solemn eye of love,
And watch thy stately step, far down
This dim world's fading paths? Take us, kind sorrow!
We will lean our young head meekly on thee;
Good and holy is thy ministry,
Oh handmaid of the Halls thou ne'er mayst tread.
And let the darkness gather round that world,
Not for the vision of thy glittering walls
We ask, nor glympse of brilliant troops that roam
Thine ancient streets, thou sunless city,—
Wrap thy strange pavillions still in clouds,
Let the shades slumber round thy many homes,
By faith, and not by sight, through lowly paths
Of goodness, sorrow-led, to thee we come.

LETTERS OF ELIZA WILKINSON. Arranged by Caroline Gilman.

We are glad to receive any thing, that has only passed through the hands of our accomplished friend Mrs Gilman, though we should prefer something fresh from her generous heart and bright mind. These letters were written by a young woman who witnessed and shared in the scenes that occurred during the British possession of Charleston. They are interesting as every thing is that relates to those times of trial, faith and fortitude. They discover the noble, disinterested spirit that pervaded so large a part of our people. We are apt to imagine our brave soldiers endured the chief portion of the sufferings and sacrifices of those times. But spirits can bleed as well as bodies, and the pangs of wounded delicacy and affection are as deep and intense as any other. The women had their full share in those calamities. And they bore them as became the worthy wives, sisters and mothers of heroic, devoted men. Their memory should gratefully mingle with our highest, patriotic emotions. At home in retirement, pressed by fearful suspense, left by their natural protectors and dearest friends, exposed to insult and outrage, their tears fell in silence and their prayers went up, not ineffectual, to the God of battles and the guardian of right. Their trust and endurance are as deserving admiration and reverence, as wisdom in council or valor on the field. Let their names and their graves be hallowed. Through much tribulation they have passed to everlasting rest. The wish is frequently expressed, that we may prove ourselves worthy of our fathers—let it be added of our mothers also, or grandmothers, as the case may be. The ladies of those days were not, perhaps, quite so accomplished as those that rustle so delightfully in brocade, through our streets. They could not probably play the piano so well, or discourse transcendental metaphysics so charmingly. But that they were equal to the high duties and partook deeply of the solemn enthusiasm imposed and demanded by their circumstances, we have the most satisfactory evidence. May modern refinement, much of it falsely so called, leave us something of the moral energy and resources that distinguished the generation that is now nearly extinct. We say falsely so called, because if we look at the matter more closely, what should be called refined, but the powers and affections of a pure mind, acting under the influences of high motives and purposes? Selfishness, pride, cowardice and weakness, are essentially vulgar however graceful their forms or pleasing their manners. These are but whited sepulchres, filled with all that is most offensive.

The Rev. M. Harding's engagement with the Unitarian Parish at Stow, Massachusetts, having terminated, he is now at liberty to engage with any other Parish that may need his services. A line addressed either to himselves at Stow, or to the Rev. C. Briggs, Secretary of the American Unitarian Aassociation Boston, will be attended to. Will the Christian Monitor please to copy this.

REV CHANDLER ROBBINS.

We have long wished to hear from our friend and predecessor, and doubt not our readers have felt the same desire. The last accounts are very favorable, and the prospect now is, that we shall, in a short time, have him among us refreshed in health, with renewed vigor, to labor, with his usual devotedness, for his master and his people. We have received the following statement.

'In conversation with a gentleman who came in the Great Western, and who parted with Mr Robbins in London the day before she sailed, he said that Mr R. looked as well as he ever saw him, and Mr R. said that he was surprised at the very great benefit he had received from the passage, and if he should consult his own feelings, he should immediately return and go to work with renewed vigor among his people; but as he was about going to France and Germany, he should make that journey as short as possible, with the intention of returning in the British Queen the first of September.'

INTELLIGENCE.

Geology of Maine.—The late Report of Dr Jackson respecting the Geology of Maine, has excited considerable attention. We quote from the Boston Courier the following condensed account of some of Dr J.'s discoverics.

If there had previously existed any doubt as to the richness and abundance of the mineral resources of Maine the reports of Dr Jackson would be sufficient to remove them. We have taken the facts which follow from his third Report.

Dr Jackson examined a ledge of rocks east of Burnham's hotel, at the Forks of Kennebec river, which had, for a long time, furnished the neighboring inhabitants with whet-stones. He found that the rock effervesced freely with acids, indicating a large portion of carbonate of lime. A chemical analysis showed that it contained ingredients, that would run into glass, at a white heat, and hence foresaw that it could not *readily* be made into lime, and that it is much more valuable for other purposes. When burned at a red heat it runs into a dark green glass—not slaking with water, but when ground to a powder, makes with sand a cement that hardens under water. By mixing fifteen per cent. of clay and ten of manganese, the cement becomes fully equal to the hydraulic cement imported from England, which sells at from six to eight dollars a cask. This substance is now in such universal demand for making water-proof canal locks, dams, culverts, cisterns, cellars, and aqueducts, that it cannot fail to become a most important discovery.

Good roofing slate is found in many places. One was obtained having on it the impressions of a fern. At one quarry in the town of Bingham, the strata break out in pyramidal blocks, about a foot wide at the top and six at the bottom. At another ledge in Norridgewock, slates may be split off ten feet square and six or eight inches thick. This will not answer for roofing.

In Newcastle, near Damariscotta Mills, Dr. Jackson visited a remarkable deposite of oyster shells. The bed forms a cliff, which, at its highest point, is twenty-five feet above the sea level. It slopes down to about six feet above high water mark, and extends ... rods in length, and from 80 to 100 in width. The shells are disposed in regular layers, and are very regularly preserved, being whitened by the action of the weather; but where exposed to frost, are crumbled to a fine shell marl. Various conjectures have been formed as to the origin of this deposite, and the general belief is that the shells were heaped up there by the ancient Indians, but circumstances render this theory doubtful. It appears from measurement that there are no less than 44,906,400 cubic feet of shells in this bed, sufficient to make 10,000,000 casks of lime. They are more valuable, however for enriching soils, if ground to a powder, which may easily be done, in mills prepared for the purpose.

Five miles from Pemaquid light-house is a deposite of bog iron ore, in the state called pan ore, covering an area of about half an acre, five feet thick. The ore is solid, and coated with yellow ochre.

Another deposite of bog iron ore, eighteen inches in thickness, is found in Bucksport, of good quality, in the form of pan and lump ore. The quantity here is not supposed to be sufficient to support a furnace, but is worth the labor of digging, and of transportation to other places. The soil around the bog iron is charged with yellow ochre, and there is a strong chalybeate spring, pouring its waters into the meadow, in which the ore is slowly but constantly collecting. From this ore red paint is easily made, by heating it to redness in contact with the air, and then separating by washing.

In Dover, on Piscataquis river, are several beds of this ore, of excellent quality. One, near Foxcroft mills, is from eighteen inches to two feet in thickness. A cubic foot of it weighs about ninety-four pounds. Allowing there to be 1,000,000 cubic feet, there will be 94,000,000 pounds of ore—which will yield, according to the analysis, 47,000,000 pounds of iron, or 23,500 tons. This bed would furnish an ample supply to a furnace for many years.

There is yet another, and still more extensive bed close at hand, in a swamp, seventy-two rods in length and thirty-two in width—nearly the whole surface being composed of bog iron ore, covered here and there with a layer of black oxide of manganese. The ore in this swamp is every where at least two feet in thickness. The bog manganese, which is abundant, is a valuable article for bleaching by means of chlorine, which it disengages from muriatic acid, and will hereafter be required by cotton factories on the Piscataquis. It is also wanted in the manufacture of hydraulic cement, from the limestone of the Forks of the Kennebec.

The slate of Foxcroft is of great value, on account of its extent, the goodness of the article, and the facilities for opening the quarries. The rock is perfectly sound, free from any impurities and splits to the proper thickness required for roofing and writing slates. In one locality it is ascertained that there are 15,246,000 cubic feet in a ledge which was measured, which after allowing for waste, would make 225,690,000 slates, of two feet square. The slate quarries of Maine are all valuable, and will speedily be successfully wrought for the supply of the Atlantic coast.

Specimens of lead ore were seen in the towns of Dexter and Corinna, which were subjected to an analysis for the purpose of ascertaining whether any silver was contained in the galena. Five grains of it gave a very distinct globule of silver. It is not worth the labor to work the present small veins, but Dr Jackson recommends an examination to those who live in the vicinity, as there may one be discovered to work profitably, since every five pounds of the ore will give one pound of pure silver.

The Paint Mine, as it is called, in Rumford, is on a hill side, where a mineral spring issues from the rocks, and has deposited a conical heap of the red oxide of iron. The paint is capable of being wrought advantageously for the manufacture of red ochre. On exploration, a bed of bog iron ore was discovered, sufficient to supply a blast furnace ten years.

It would be difficult to enumerate all the localities of limestone, marble and various other stones, and minerals, detailed in this report.

Murder of Elias Boudinot.—We announced, a few days since, the murder of John Ridge, the Cherokee chief, and also that of his father, commonly called Major Ridge. The New York Commercial, of last evening, announces also, on authority of subsequent accounts from the West, that Elias Boudinot has also fallen by assassination. Of Ridge and Boudinot, the Commercial gives the following brief history: 'They were both educated at the Cornwall School, in Connecticut, and both married white wives —young ladies of respectable families. The mixing of colors, however, was so offensive to the people, that great excitement followed their weddings, and the result was the breaking up of the school. Both were men of talents, and Ridge was eloquent as well as able. Boudinot was more of a taciturn disposition than Ridge, and it has been said that his domestic relations were not happy; not, however, because of fault on the part of his wife. Both were well known in this city, and great interest was enlisted in their behalf, in 1831—'32, when they came hither to lay before our citizens the grievance inflicted upon their nation by Georgia and General Jackson. Subsequently, they changed sides upon the emigration question, and joined the ruthless land-robbers in the work of uprooting their own nation, and desecrating the graves and altars of their fathers. Their plea in justification was, that they saw longer resistance to be vain, and they might, therefore, as well make a merit of necessity. The charge of their own nation was, that they were traitors, and that gold was the price of their treason. We doubt not the truth of the charge, since they were assenting to the foul treaty which no man denies was the work of corruption. Their deaths are probably the work of vengeance for their treachery.—*Transcript.*

Powers the Sculptor.—Mr Powers the American Sculptor, now in Italy, is reported to stand high in the estimation of good Judges in Italy. He is freely offered, for every likeness he undertakes, nearly twice as much as is paid to any of the Florentine sculptors. We have been informed that Bartolini, an artist of considerable eminence, observed to a friend, on their visit to Powers's studio, 'I know not what he may do when he comes to work on *statues*, but for *busts* he has not his equal in all Italy.'

Clubs.—These associations are all the rage in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and we notice that the papers in those cities have taken up the discussion of the propriety of their institution and encouragement. Much is said, pro and con. For our own part, we go distinctly, unreservedly, and entirely against all such associations. They are heathen, unchristian, expensive, anti-domestic, and—unsocial. They are unsocial, because they exclude ladies—and no arrangement can be deemed a social one in which the women take no part.

They tend to keep young men from the society of their sisters and other female friends, who always exert a healthy and excellent influence over them. The members are taught to guzzle wines or worse liquors, and to waste time at billiards and other games. If they do not at once commence gambling, they acquire a dangerous proficiency with gambling implements, which can by no possibility result in good, and is quite likely if not absolutely certain to end in habits more or less vagabondish.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

British Queen.—The steamboat British Queen arrived at New York, on Sunday morning. She left London on the 10th and Portsmouth on the 12th July, making a passage of 15 days and a half from Portsmouth. Some of the items of news we give as they appear in the Transcript. The commercial intelligence is no better than we had by the Great Western. Cotton was still falling, and few sales made.

The Archbishop of Canterbury moved an address to the Queen, against the order in Council on the subject of education; and it was carried by a vote of 229 to 111.

This order, if we mistake not, appropriates some part of the church revenues for purposes of general education.

It appears that on the 11th the Lords proceeded in state to Buckingham Palace to present their address.

Several of the Bishops we are told did not receive the most flattering reception from the mob outside.

The Queen's reply, which is of some interest, we give in full.

REPLY.

I duly appreciate your zeal for the interests of Religion, and your care for the Established Church.

I am ever ready to receive the advice and assistance of the House of Lords, and give their recommendations the attention which their authority justly deserves.

At the same time I cannot help expressing my regret that you should have thought it necessary to take such a step on the present occasion.

You may be assured that deeply sensible of the duties imposed upon me, and more especially that which binds me to the support of the Established Church, I shall always use the powers vested in me by the Constitution, for the fulfilment of that sacred obligation.

It is with a deep sense of that duty that I have thought it right to appoint a Committee of the Privy Council to superintend the distribution of the Grants voted by the House of Commons for public Education. Of the proceedings of this Committee Annual Reports will be laid before Parliament, so that the House of Lords will be enabled to exercise its judgment upon them; and I trust that the funds placed at my disposal will be found to have been strictly applied to the objects for which they were granted, with due respect to the rights of conscience, and a faithful attention to the security of the Established Church.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war, in the Sultan's dominions, was that a smart skirmish had taken place between the advanced guard of the Turkish army and a party of Egyptian cavalry, in which the latter had the worst of it. A report was current that the French Admiral Roussin had orders from his government to prevent a collision between the Turkish and Egyptian fleets.

The following is selected from 'Extracts from late British Journals,' given in the National Gazette. The date or place of the formation of the Society is not mentioned.

We presume that Mr Adam, whose name is first mentioned is Rev. William Adam, now resident in this city, and often heretofore mentioned with respect in this paper, as the coadjutor of the late Rammohun Roy of Calcutta.

It is highly probable that the society owes its origin to him, as his travels through various parts of India have given him an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the condition of the people. We learn from Mr Malcom's Travels that Mr Adam, during his late residence in Calcutta received an appointment under government, to visit various parts of India, and to report on the state of education in the interior. 'In this last capacity,' says Mr Malcom, 'he has acquired honorable distinction and increasing usefulness. His reports are exciting great attention, and show not only unwearied industry, but superior talents.

British India Society.—On Saturday a preliminary meeting was held of gentlemen who have resolved themselves into a provisional committee for forming a society, to be designated 'The British India Society,' for bettering the condition of our fellow-subjects the natives of British India. The following are the committee:—W. Adam, Esq., late of Calcutta; W. Oldam, Esq., of Leeds; J. Backhouse, Esq., of Darlington; T. Clarkson, Esq; Lord Broughham; Major Gen. Briggs; Sir C. Forbes, Bart.; Sir C. E. Smith, J. Bowring, Esq., and several others. The grounds upon which they rest their claims to public sympathy and support are the frequency with which famines in India recur, and the necessity of adopting some vigorous means for their prevention. From the dates and facts which the provisional committee have put forth, it appears that, within the comparatively short period of 73 years, no less than 16 of these desolating famines have occurred, and that, too, in a country the soil of which is allowed to be one of unexampled fertility, and the resources of which, it cannot be denied, if properly managed, would be fully adequate to all the demands of its teeming millions. The dates at which these famines are said to have occurred are, 1776, 1770, 1782, 1792, 1804, 1819, 1820, 1824, 1829, 1832, 1833, 1836, 1337, 1838, and 1839. Some of the earlier of these famines may, it is stated, be referred to the simultaneous occurrence of wars; but with respect to those of the last twenty years, which have been a time of profound peace, no such cause can be assigned. The accounts which are given of the famine of 1838 are appalling in the extreme. At Agra 78,000 pining wretches were fed by the bounty of the public on 14 April: and between the 1st and 15th of March 71,533 infirm and sightless creatures were fed in the same manner. So great were the ravages of death that the air for miles was tainted with the effluvia from the putrifying carcasses of men and cattle, and the rivers of the Jumna and the Ganges were choaked up and poisoned by the dead bodies thrown into their channels. The water and fish of these rivers were rejected as unfit for use. The mortality was at the rate of 10,000 per month; a destruction of life which, had it continued, would have been sufficiently large to have swept off the entire population in less than a year. The society propose to effect the regeneration of India by bringing out its latent commercial capabilities. Mr F. Brown, a large India proprietor, read a statement from which it appeared that in 1836, when the people were thus starving, 268,000 bags of rice, containing 183 pounds each, had been exported.

FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association will meet at the house of Dr. Willard in Deerfield on the second Monday in August.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

☞ It is in contemplation to publish, at the office of the Boston Mercantile Journal, a weekly paper with the above title, to be devoted to the interests of TEMPERANCE, MORALITY and LAW, and to serve as a vehicle for the diffusion of intelligence and remarks having a bearing on the LICENSE LAW. Provided sufficient encouragement is given, the first number will be issued on a small sheet, on SATURDAY, the 17th of August, and continued for 12 successive weeks.

The price of subscription for the whole term will be TWENTY-FIVE CENTS *payable in advance*; and no package will be made up and sent from the office containing less than four copies. Subscribers for a less number than four copies can obtain them at the office of publication.

Our friends in the city and in the country, who are inclined to assist in the undertaking, can procure subscription papers at the counting-room of the Mercantile Journal, in Wilson's Lane.

Boston, July 27, 1839. is3t a 3

☞ The Philadelphia Institute for the cure of impediments of speech, will be opened in this city (Boston) for a short time only. Persons afflicted, desirous of availing themselves of its benefits, will please make immediate application. For admission, testimonials of good moral character will be required.

Communications, post paid, addressed to D. F. Newton, Christian Watchman Office, Wilson's lane, over Mechanic's Reading Room, will receive immediate attention. 3 t jy6

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 25, Mr John R. Williams to Miss Mary J. Wright; Mr Hiram G. Wadleigh to Miss Philetia Goodnow.

July 26, Mr George A. Nichols to Miss Mary R. Hubbard: Capt Joshua Buffum, Superintendent of the Sailor's Home, to Miss Ruth H. Garland.

In Watertown, July 29, by Rev. Dr Francis, Mr Charles G. King of this city, to Miss Helen M. Stone.

At New Haven, on the 15th, by the Rev. Dr Croswell, Lieut. Joseph Hull, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Amelia, daughter of Capt. Elisha Hart, of Saybrook, and sister of Mrs Com. Hull.

At West Springfield, on Wednesday, by Rev. Mr Wood, Rev. Alexander Montgomery, to Miss Laura A. daughter of Mr Harvey Bliss.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 25, of Scarlet fever, Mary Le Bosquet, youngest child of Mr Jesse Sawyer.

Yesterday morning, Elizabeth N. Balch, 30.

In Danvers, Ebenezer Goodale Esq. 70, formerly Maj. Gen. 2d Div. M. M.

In Duxbury, July 19, Mr Colson Sampson, 81, a revolutionary pensioner—he entered the U. S. service at 16 years of age.

In Providence, on Saturday, Henry S. Angell, Esq. late Cashier of the Traders' Bank, 31.

In Springfield, on the 20th, Miss Pamelia, aged 47, daughter of Daniel Lombard Esq.

In Bangor Me, Mr Thomas Hatch, 41.

In New Orleans, June 10, Mr Daniel G. Campbell of Boston, 36.

In Chebogue, N. S. July 8, Mr Joseph Robbins, 72—a native of Plymouth, Ms.

In Richmond, Texas, Dr Benjamin Austin of this city.

In Bangor Me. 20th inst, Col Charles Hayes, the well known and popular keeper of the Bangor House 40.

BLUNT'S RELIGIOUS WORKS.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington Street, have just received

1. History of Abraham and Jacob, by Rev. Henry Blunt, from the 12th London edition, 1 vol. 12mo.
2. History of St. Peter, and Discourses on some of the Doctrinal Articles of the Church of England, 1 vol. 12mo.
3. History of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, 2 vols. 12mo.
4. History of St Paul, from the seventh London edition, 1 vol. 12mo.

The large editions issued in London, bear witness to Mr Blunt's great popularity as a religious writer. 'His thoughts and statements have a shading and qualifying to the exactness of truth, which are peculiar recommendations.' The History of Elisha and History of the Seven Churches will soon be issued.

Aug. 3.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.—'A spirit of healthfulness, harmony and love breathes through every page, and we love every thing that lives better after reading it.'—[Salem Gazette.

'As pure as the first breath of the early morn, coming over the sweet briar and the violet.'—Eve. Gazette.

'Beautiful as the first spring violet and musical as the first spring warbler of the trees and fields.'—[Mirror.

Published by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

Aug. 3

STATIONARY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—Superroyal, Medium, Demy, Cap and Pot Papers; Letter Papers of various qualities; white, blue and fancy colored Letter Paper, ruled Letter Paper, Note Paper, assorted colors; Quarto Post and Billet Papers of satin surface.

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For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street, corner of Brattle street. aug 3

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—Statesmen of the Times of George the Third, by Lord Brougham, 2 vols 8vo.

Shelley's Poetical Works, vol 4.

Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity.

The Voiage and Travailes of Sir John Maundeville, Kt. with notes and glossary by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. 1 vol.

Walton and Cottou's Complete Angler, new edition, plates.

Lectures on Electricity: By Henry M. Nood, 1 vol.

The Pictorial Shakspeare, part 8.

Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive and Historical: by Christopher Wordsworth, part 5.

The Pictorial History of Palestine, part 1.

Pictures of the French, drawn by themselves, part 1.

Heads of the People, Part 8, &c.

Just received by

CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN,

a 3 112, Washington street.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.—On the Formation of the Christian Character. Addressed to those who are seeking to lead a religious life. By Henry Ware, Jr. D. D., tenth edition.

Contents.

Chapter 1. The Nature of Religion, and what we are to seek.

Chapter 2. Our power to obtain that which we seek.

Chapter 3. The state of mind in which the Inquirer should sustain himself.

Chapter 4. The means of Religious Improvement —Reading, Meditation, Prayer, Preaching, The Lord's Supper.

Chapter 5. The Religious Discipline of Life.

The above work will be sold for distribution at a discount of twenty per cent from former prices.

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. august 3

CARLYLE'S MISCELLANIES.—Purchasers of vols 1 and 2 of the first series of Carlyle's miscellanies can obtain the 3d and 4th to complete their sets, by applying to the publishers, JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. aug 3

MR. OSGOOD'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. An Oration delivered on the 4th of July, 1839, before the Citizens of Nashua, by Samuel Osgood. Published by request. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. a 3

A DISCOURSE ON SLAVERY.—Delivered before the Anti Slavery Society in Littleton, N. H., Feb. 22d, 1839, by W. L. Wilson. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. august 3

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS.—Edited by Rev. Cazneau Palfrey.

[From the N. H. Argus.] 'The high character which it has already acquired, is fully sustained in the present number, and in its literary and mechanical departments it is unsurpassed by any work of a religious cast in the Union.'

[From the Christian Examiner.] 'It has our heartiest good wishes for its success, and we see not when we think of the number, constituting the Unitarian body, why it should not succeed. There is room for it and to spare. The numbers, thus far, are both able and interesting.' Published monthly, in numbers of 48 octavo pages, at Three Dollars per annum. WM. CROSBY & CO. Publishers, 118 Washington Street. Jy 27.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—Just received, Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, beautifully illustrated.

The Voiage and Travayles of Sir John Maundeville, Knight, which treateth of the way to Hierusalem; and of Marvayles of Inde, &c. &c.

The Pictorial History of Palestine, by the Editor of the Pictorial Bible.

Percy Bysshe Shelley's Complete Works, in four volumes.

Pictorial Shakspeare, beautifully illustrated.

Heads of the People, Nos. 1 to 8 with engravings.

Engineer's Common Place Book, &c. &c. &c.

Just received and for sale by

WM. CROSBY & CO.

august 3 118 Washington street.

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POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

See how the moon-beams quiver
Upon the troubled sea!
On the waves of the silvery river,
Upon the flowery lea!

See how the dark clouds gather
Athwart the evening sky!
List to the rain-drop's patter
Upon the branches dry!

See how Aurora's rose-tint
Flashes along the east—
See where the sunset-crimson
Fades in the glowing west!

See how in Ocean's pearl-depths
Stern Neptune's treasures lie—
While above each bright star trembles,
Too beautiful to die!

See where, in far off lands,
The palm tree waves its leaf—
See where, in frosty solitude,
The lichen yields relief!

See where the naked savage
Digs for his clammy meal,
Or where proud England's 'Victory'
Clasps soft the regal steel!

See, round, above, below—
In Heaven—in Hell—on Earth—
E'en in the tiniest floweret,
DIVINITY has birth!

The living spirit quickens
The moon's pale beams to light,
And in the blue wave glistens
Amid the gloom of night!

It falls in the gentle shower,
To refr sh the parching earth;
It breathes in the coral bower,
'Mid ocean's chaos-girth!

It speaks in Heaven's myriads,
It seeks the palmy shade,
Invigorates the moss-plant
Beneath an ice-bank laid.

It watches o'er the Zealander
In untaught southern isles;
Its eye is on the maiden Queen,
Reaping a nation's smiles.

It speaks in every pebble!
And shall it then be hushed,
By the tumult of man's spirit,
In the shrine Itself has blessed?

Oh no! let every being
Lift the glad song of praise,
Inanimate creation
Hath never ceased to raise! C.

A MOTHER'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

O homefelt joys—so dear and sweet,
My clear, wood fire beside,—
My baby creeping at my feet,
Who oft with glance of pride,
Looks back, elate, and pleas'd to show
How fast his tiny limbs can go.

And closely seated by my side,
My little daughter fair,—
Whose doll upon her knee doth ride,
Essays a martron's care,—
While many a lesson, half severe,
With kisses mix'd must dolly hear.

There lie my volumes, clos'd and still,—
Those chosen friends of old,—
My pen, regardless of my will,
Lurks in its bronzed held,—
High joys they gave—but not so dear,
As those that gild my fireside here.

Where harp and viol carol sweet,
'Mid youth's unfolding hours,
And gladness wings the dancers' feet
That seems to tread on flowers,
I've shar'd the cup—it sparkled clear,—
'Twas foam—the precious draught is here.

I've trod the lofty halls—where dwell
The noblest of our land,
And met, tho' humble was my cell,
Warm smile, and greeting hand,
Yet she doth feel a thrill more blest,
Who lulls her infant on her breast.

Strong words of praise, such words as gird
To high ambition's deed,
The impulse of my mind have stirr'd,
Though still unearn'd, their meed,
But what of these?—they fleet away,
Like mist, before affection's ray.

Tho' many a priceless gem of bliss,
Hath made my pathway fair,
Yet I have known no joy like this,
A mother's nursing care,
To mark, when stars of midnight shine,
My infant's bright eye fixed on mine.

Might woman win earth's richest rose,
Yet miss that wild-flower zest,
Which by the lowliest cradle grows,
'Twere but a loss at best;—
Pass on, O world, in all thy pride,
I've made my choice,—and here abide.

Even she, who shines with beauty's ray,—
By fashion's throng carest,—
If from that pomp she turn away,
And build her shelter'd nest,—
And hoard the jewels of the heart,
Like Mary finds the 'better part.'

Hartford, March, 1839.

WOMAN.

Of manly wisdom if there lacketh aught
In the fare structure of dear woman's mind,
It is Heaven's benison, of so sweet kind,
That she may walk this earth with evil fraught,
And know it not. For purity untaught,
And unassailable in *her* enshrined,
Shines like the ray in precious stone confined,
Through the clear adamant of holy thought:
But man, that makes and combats evil, needs
The serpent's wisdon, and the serpent's lure
Comes with it, and his feet too often leads
Astray: Woman, with light, and instinct sure,
Walks virtue-charm'd mid the world's blackest deeds,
Unharm'd—'For to the pure all things are pure.'

Blackwood's Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON THE IRISH HUMOR.

From an article in the April number of the London Westminster Review on the Irish Humor and Pathos.

Not long ago we expressed our sympathy for an old Irish woman—old and very poor—who, in addition to other misfortunes, had lately lost her teeth—'Time for me to lose 'em,' she replied, '*when I've nothing for 'em to do.*' —This is IRISH HUMOR—a definition in an anecdote. It arrives most rapidly at a conclusion by the pleasantest road; it accomplishes a purpose without a useless expenditure of words; it is epigrammatic and yet comprehensive; it is ambiguous, and yet easily understood; it is a picture as well as a speech; it tickles the ear, animates the fancy, and indirectly flatters an auditor by enabling him to comprehend his own quickness of apprehension in taking in the full meaning of the words. Like every thing else that is Irish, it is peculiar; it is *not* a pun, a joke, or a quiz; it is unstudied, it comes unsearched for, and uncalled for; it has an air of simplicity, and yet simplicity is not its character; it belongs more to the mind than to the tongue, and more to the heart than to either. To relish Irish humor it is almost necessary to see it acted, as well as to hear it spoken; then indeed, you have it in all its rich and racy perfection. The words of the Irish speaker are always illustrated, explained, and commented upon by his looks; his merry eye winks without an effort: there is both shyness and slyness in his leer; the muscles of his mouth agitate that expressive feature almost into a smile; his very frame partakes of the drollery of his countenance; he lounges against the door post of his cabin—one foot rests upon the instep of another;—there is a mingle of entire ease, and more than half impudence; in the loose tie of neckerchief and set of his '*cawbeen*,' and when he has uttered a humorous sentence, the indescribable twist of his shoulders (the Irish substitute for the Englishman's moderate, and the Frenchman's immoderate shrug) is at once irresistible. Imagine for a moment, a rosy cheek Munster man, paving rather leisurely the highway in Cheapside, and, quite unconscious of the English dignity of a shop keeper, blocking up a tradesman's door with a heap of stones. 'Take those stones away,' quoth the tradesman, in a fluster. 'Is it the stones,' asks the Irishman, 'is it the stones? Why thin, where would you have me take 'em to?' 'Take them to h—,' replies the very angry citizen. 'I'll take 'em to heaven, your honor, they'll be *more out of your way there*,' was Paddy's reply. Now fancy his under glance of self satisfaction, the fellow's *ouvert* civility, and *covert* satire, his silent chuckle, intimated only by the least twirl of his mobile mouth, the whole finished by the never neglected shoulder twist, as he stoops to resume his labor, and you have at once a picture of veritable Irish humor.

We will only give one more anecdote to illustrate the ready wittedness of Paddy, whose humor did not forsake him even in the presence of his priest, or beneath the shadow of the confessional.

Darby Kelly went to confession, and having detailed his several sins of omission and commission, to which various small penalties were attached, at last, came with a groan, to the awful fact that he had stolen his neigbor Kitty Mahony's pig; a crime so heinous in the sight of Father Tobin, that his reverence could by no manner of means give him absolution for the same. Darby begged, and prayed, and promised, but to no effect; no penance could make atonement—no repentance could produce effect; nothing in short but restitution; that is to say, give back her own to Kitty Mahony. But a difficulty arose, inasmuch as Darby and Darby's children had eaten up the pig. Upon which, the priest waxed wroth, and threatened the rogue with evil here and a terrible destiny hereafter. 'And now hear me ye vagabond cheat,' said he, 'when he go to stand yer trial, and find yerself among the goats, (for sheep ye are not) to get yer sentence, there'll be *two* witnesses against ye,—there'll be Kitty Mahony, that ye robb'd, and the pig that ye ate; and what will ye do then, ye vagabond?' 'Och, plaze yer riverence, and is it true what ye say, that Kitty Mahony *herself* will be there?' 'She will.' 'And the pig I ate; will the *pig* be to the fore?' 'He will.' 'Och, thin, plaze yer riverence, if Kitty Mahony will be there, what'll hinder me from saying, Kitty Mahony, bad luck to yer soul, *ther's yer pig*; sure won't *that be restitution?*'

But examples of Irish humor are sufficiently abundant; there is however, another predominant quality in the Irish character—and *par consequence* in all books about Ireland—as peculiar, as frequent, and as striking as the humor which abounds in both; we mean IRISH PATHOS. There are many melancholy aids in the country that give it birth, which naturally increase its effect; but it does not need them in the same proportion that Irish humor does; it goes straight to the heart, while its opposite works on the imagination; it follows or precedes the jest with extraordinary rapidity; the smile bursts before the tear is dry, but its sadness is certainly augmented by witnessing the causes that produce it. There is a depth of pure and holy poetry in Irish pathos which cannot be surpassed; its metaphore are appropriate, and attack our reason by the force of their beautiful simplicity.

We remember once passing an Irish cottage, on the estate of an absentee landlord, whose agent had distrained for rent; the family were of the very poor. A mother, whose husband was only recovering from the 'sickness,' as typhus fever as always called, staggered from beneath the door-way, not from any weakness of her own, but from her efforts to support the wreck of what had been, three years before the finest young man in the parish. She was followed by two little children, the small remnant of her family—*three* had been carried to the grave by the disease from which the father was recovering. It was beautiful to see how the pale, thin, deep eyed woman suffocated her own feelings with the affection she bore her husband.—'Don't cry afther the poor place, children dear, sure the Almighty is above us all—and this last throuble has been sent us in good time, whin ther's not so many of us to bear it. The could earth is heavy enough on Kathleen, Matty and Michael, but the throuble of this day would be heavier—for they were made up of feeling. Surely my darlints, if her's power given to the landlord now, he'll not be our landlord in the world above! The Lord be praised for that same! Don't cry afther the pig, Ellen, avourneen, what signifies it? May the little boy take the cat itself, sir?' addressing the half tipsy man who had taken the inventory of the contents of their miserable cabin. 'Never heed it, my darlint, tho' to be sure its only natural to like the dowshy cat that lay in his bosom all the time of his sickness. Keep up Michael,' she whispered to her husband, who overpowered by illness and mental suffering, resisted her efforts to drag him into the high road: he glared upon the bailiff with the glare of a famished tiger, so famished that it has not the power to spring upon its foe, impotent in all but the racking thirst for blood. 'What signifies it? sure we'll be happier than ever by'n and bye,' she added, while the haggard smile upon her lips was the bitter mockery of hope.—'Come away Michael, I wonder that you would'nt be above letting the likes of them without a heart, see that you care about them on their going on. Oh! where's yer pride gone? and that, and the silence together, put many a throuble over us, that's known only to ourselves and the Almighty—blessed He is! He knows the troubles of the poor, and keeps their secrets. Come away, Michael, and don't let them tame nagurs see that its the woman that puts courage in ye!'

But the peasant heeded her not—the home affections were tugging at his heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of the furniture of his once comfortable cottage, that were dragged out previous to being carried away. He points to the potato dish which was placed upon the table—the indispensable article, in which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less civil parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the 'babby.' 'God bless you!' he exclaimed to the man, 'God bless you, and don't take that; its nothing but a kish, its not worth half a farthing to ye, its falling to pieces; but it's more to me, homeless as I am, than thousands; it's nothing but a kish, but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night when the eyes of his little sister had not gone among the bright stars of heaven, but were here to watch over him; it's nothing but a kish—yet many a day, in the midst of my slavery, have I and my wife, and five as beautiful children as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom eat the praties and salt out of it fresh, and wholesome—and when I had my six blessings to look on, it's little I cared for the slavery a poor Irishman's born to; it's nothing but a kish, but its been with me full, and it's been with me enpty, for many a long year, and it's used to me—it knows my troubles—for, since the bed was sould from under us, for the last gale, what had we to keep our heads from the could earth? For the love of the Almighty God, have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless man; don't take the last dumb thing he cares for—sure its nothing but a kish!' No matter for the insignificance of the object, the pathos of this is felt at once. It is hardly necessary to describe the scene of the actors therein—the words carry their own meaning with them.—The trust of the poor Irish in the protecting care of the Almighty is uppermost in all their troubles; their faith in his wisdom is never shaken. When tried in a manner that would drive a Frenchman to his charcoal, and an Englishman to the river or a rope, we have seen the Paddy's eyes—eyes that have ceased to feel the luxury of tears—uplifted to Heaven, and heard him murmur, 'Well, to be sure, His will be done!—He sent the sore trouble on us, but His will be done!'

SUNDAY MORNING IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

Few sounds fall so cheerfully on the good churchman's ear, as the merry peal which ushers in the morning of the Lord's day. His heart is elated with more than usual gladness. Visions of his early days, when he first heard those sounds, and all was hope and happy innocence, float over his mind, and lightens it of many a weary load of care. The Sunday seems to him to form a connecting link between the pure days of innocent childhood and those blessed visions of eternity, when the church triumphant shall assemble before the throne of God in heaven.

Such were the feelings which gladdened the heart of Arthur Ridley on the morning after his arrival at the house of his friend. The eastern sun gleamed through his window, and it was in harmony with the sunshine of his soul. For all within was bright and hopeful. The cares of his profession were left behind him in the busy city, and only prepared him to enjoy more keenly the calm retirement of the country, and the society of his friend.

The scene which presented itself to him from the window of his bedchamber corresponded well with the train of his feelings. He looked across a neat garden, directly upon the Village Church, and a cluster of cottages which formed a portion of the village, for there was no care taken to screen them from the view; there were no high walls, no 'springguns and man-traps.' A village parsonage ought to be, like the heart of its master, free, open and accessible.

The rector, though unmarried, did not live in secluded bachelorship. His younger sister spent much of her time at his house. Mary Herbert was one of those delightful beings to whom many an English home owes its brightest charm. Beautiful, accomplished, and animated; and what is far more excellent, kind-hearted, simple minded and religious, she not only gladdened her brother's home, but greatly aided him in his usefulness. Mary was the dispenser of kindness throughout the parish; young and old alike loved her, and the 'widow's heart sung with joy' when she appeared amongst them. Long may England's daughters hold the place which they now so often occupy, as the medium of charitable feelings between the rich and the poor!

'Are you as kind as ever in teaching the Sunday School children?' said Arthur to Miss Herbert when breakfast was finished.

'I take as much interest in them as I used to do,' answered Mary, 'and I hope you will again condescend to be my assistant. Do come and see the neat school which George has built.'

This invitation was given with so much warmth, (it might be her anxiety to show a visitor the result of her brother's liberality, or it might be from recollection of the talent for teaching which Arthur had displayed on former occasions,) that he could not for an instant refuse: so they were soon equipped and on their way to the school-house. It happened that they were ten minutes too early, which gave opportunity for a walk round the rectory gardens: and then they were surprised to find that they were ten minutes too late. Mary's scholars wondered at her want of punctuality, for they had scarcely ever been kept waiting before; and they could not help observing that her manner was unusually distracted. She forgot the verse which they were reading and asked the question several times over. But duty, prompting a silent prayer, soon enabled her to recal her scattered thoughts and she diligently engaged herself in catechizing the children; until the bells began to ring, and her brother looked in, and summoned them to church.*

It is a pleasing sight to watch a village congregation as they assemble together by different parts, all converging at the house of God. The school children in their neat and orderly array, descending in regular gradation from the tall boy of fourteen carrying his prize Bible, down to the little girls of five or six holding each other by the hand—the village youths and maidens in their best attire—the farmers' well-doing families—and the aged men and women leaning on their staves. Many an old friend did Ridley recognize about the church porch; and he spoke kindly and familiarly with them, feeling that, on consecrated ground, they stood on close equality; rank, station, intellect, are brought to one common level within those sacred precincts, where all must one day mingle with the dust.

The groups which lingered in the churchyard had now passed into the interior of God's house, and it might well be said of most amongst them that they 'entered into his gates with thankfulness, and into his courts with praise.' And very few indeed were they who missed even the opening of the solemn service.— *Rev. W. Gresley's Portrait of an English Churchman.*

* Let me observe in passing, how great a help it is to the clergyman, when any of the educated persons amongst his parishioners will relieve him from the mechanical part of the Sunday school insturction. Except he be a man of robust health, two full services in the church are as much as one minister can well accomplish. And if, in addition to this, he has to lecture or catechise children for a couple of hours before the service, it is probable that, by the time of the sermon, his voice and energy will be much exhausted. Let me add that the aid given by well-disposed Churchmen or Churchwomen in the Sunday-school, *must be regular or it will be valueless.*

Remarkable Longevity.—Mr. Adam Rogers, of Bangor, has published an account of the longevity of his father's family which shows the following remarkable result. They were all born and brought up in Marshfield, Massachusetts, and consisted of six brothers and four sisters, who died at the ages set against their respective names:—Timothy Rogers, 100 years: Israel Rogers, 105; Peleg Rogers 107; Amos Rogers, 85; Zaccheus Rogers, 67; Adam Rogers, 104; Lydia Lewis, 90; Betsey Talman, 100; Eunice Ford, 100; and Jane Oldham, 100—making their aggregate ages 988.—[*N. Y. Whig.*]

By particular request we insert the following.

The Reformation of Medical Science demanded by Inductive Philosophy —This is a Discourse delivered before the 'New York Philosophical Society' on their last anniversary by Dr. William Channing. The copy which graced our table shortly after its publication became, like many other pamphlets and books with which we are favored by authors and publishers, mysteriously absent, so that we were prevented at that time from doing justice to the great merits of the discourse. A remembrance of a few of its opening passages so haunted us, however, that we at last obtained another copy—and then, just as we anticipated, the old one came to light. It serves us an admirable turn, for the one last procured has this morning vanished. Its possessor is quite welcome to it, if he will only peruse it with diligence and attention. Whether he be interested in its subject-matter or not, he will find, as all our readers will, a most improving mental exercise in so strong and incontrovertible a piece of logical reasoning. Its arguments are woven together like chain-armor, and the weapon that would sever them must be weighty enough to crush the whole science which they enclose. We are not prepared to enter into an exposition or vindication of the Homœopathic doctrine in medicine, but we are prepared to state that if its defenders are possessed of a tittle of the ability manifested by Dr. Channing in this anniversary discourse, its assailants must use stouter implements of combat than those which they have hitherto employed. The arrows of ridicule glance hurtlessly from the impervious glittering steel of such logic.

The style of the discourse is lofty and dignified. If we have any fault to find with it, it is that it lacks simplicity. It is however free from inflation, and undisfigured by rhetorical errors. In his command of a style so faultless in its kind, our author displays a scholarly cultivation, of mind equal to his high powers of argumentation. We wish that we had time and space to go into a complete analysis of this discourse. We would not only arouse the attention but stimulate the curiosity of our readers toward an investigation of the science, which employs the critical and professional talents of Dr. Channing. No better way of commencing a research into Homœopathy could be found than the reading of this discourse.

It is not a thing of yesterday that the espousers of a new theory in science are held up to ridicule as visionary enthusiasts and impracticable dreamers. There were juries of ignoramuses before Galileo's day, and there are sober dunces even in these sagacious times. Though profoundly ignorant of the novel truths which they condemn, these dunces never dare to prate until experiment shall have incontestibly established theory. Many of the old systems of medical practice have been exploded, one after another; and we confidently believe that the day is not far distant when the Homœopathic system will be extensively practiced. We speak not only from reading but from knowledge of many cases of cures, which would less than half a century ago, have been regarded as miraculous. There is no more infallible an indication of a superior mind than foresight—that foresight which anticipates the age. Next is that independence which after the discovery of important truths, dares to make them known. The author of this discourse shows himself to be possessed of such independence. Whether he shall, hereafter, discover himself to be deceived or not is unimportant: he appears before the world as the champion of a philosophy only inferior in the certainty of its conclusions to mathematics. (Published by Wiley and Putnam.)

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